MY LIFE AS SOLDIER AND SPORTSMAN

By J. ROBSON SCOTT

Main Corridor 6

Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

A

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The Author

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BY

J. ROBSON SCOTT

Major, late 3rd Hussars

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

When a mere layman writes a book it is customary for him to inscribe a preface or, as Izaak Walton would say, an "epistle" to the readers. My original idea was to write and have printed a few personal reminiscences of the days and weeks I have spent in various sports, for the young folks who may come after me; in fact, I contemplated writing a sort of boys' book. However, it came to pass that I met, and discussed the subject with, Mr Arthur F. Meyrick who, like myself, is getting on in years. He is a most enthusiastic student of racing and other sports, and in addition to suggesting that I should write a larger volume, on more general subjects, he volunteered to contribute to my book by supplying details of the Grand National from Lottery to Troytown.

Gradually, as the copy grew, so did the number of new ideas. Thus it came about that causeries on other sports suggested themselves to me.

When a young man, Mr Meyrick followed in the footsteps of his father in the journalistic world, and knew most of the celebrities of his time.

In his view, if a book is to have any chance of being a success it must be one of three things—interesting, instructive or amusing. If you can command all three, success is assured. It must be left to readers, after being caught, to decide if my book can claim to possess any of these qualities. Though it is customary to make apologies for writing, I don't see that in my case any apology is required, as I certainly have never aspired or pretended to be a professional writer.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I

SOUTH AFRICA

Some Reminiscences

A CERTAIN amount of satisfaction is to be derived in recalling the pleasures of the past, and there are, I expect, few of us who do not reflect on bygone days. In the early eighties South Africa was attracting a good deal of attention. Cecil Rhodes was stirring things up in that part of the Empire. The formation of the British South African Company, a very grand and ambitious project, was boomed and boosted to such an extent that the shares actually rose to £9. Now in 1921 they stand at 14s. and have never paid a dividend, but no doubt in years to come it will be proved that the country can support an immense population.

Early in 1890 I joined the British Bechuanaland Border Police, a force established to watch the Boers on the Transvaal border, as for some time they had been inclined to be restless and truculent, ceasing to treat the British with respect. Sometimes they referred to us as "those Bloody

Roinecks," in allusion to the red colour an Englishman acquired from being scorched by the sun on his neck and face. Some of the sporting Boers I met seemed real good fellows; they had no ill-will, and were excellent shooting companions. One related how at Majuba Hill he with a few other adventurous spirits climbed up the reverse side of the hill just as the Boer force, believing it to be impossible to put up a fight, were preparing to trek. Having arrived at the top, they peered over the edge of the depression where the British force was camped for the night and discovered that the sentries were posted in such a way that they could not see over the hill. Needless to say, when those Boer scouts fired a volley at the troops a panic took place, and a helter-skelter down the hill changed the whole feature of the operations. This same man also related how, when hunting elephants, he came on two lions in deadly conflict. When asked to describe the fight he said: "I was after ivory, not lions."

The British Bechuanaland Border Police were commanded by General Sir Fred Carrington, a man who had made his name in colonial warfare. He was a great Englishman, and a born leader of men, and the natives, who had nicknames for all the officers of the corps, called him The Lion. He had great expansive shoulders, deep chest, sandy-

coloured hair, a huge moustache and a deep, resounding voice. Another of the officers was dubbed The Ostrich from the way he walked, and a third The Giraffe because he was tall and slender. I believe that my name was The Wolf, but I never ascertained the reason. I must, however, point out that there are no wolves in South Africa, but the hyena is called a wolf.

Headquarters were at Mafeking, about a hundred miles beyond the railway terminus. At the General's request I had brought two couple of foxhounds to augment the pack already there. I do not recommend that part of South Africa as a hunting country. The only time suitable for hunting was a few hours in the morning, for when the sun had dried the dew the scent vanished. Moreover, we lost several hounds from snake-bite. The black mambra, the most aggressive and venomous snake in the veldt, was fairly common. One day when the General and I were shooting and his pointer bitch came to a point close to an ant-heap, the General went forward to investigate what the game was, and I saw a huge mambra, about nine feet long, fairly launch itself from the heap. Quick as lightning the General had his gun up to the shoulder and blew the snake's head off. Carrington in his young days had been a great boxer and it seemed to

me that the quickness he acquired in practising that sport stood him in good stead on that occasion.

I have read that animals become hypnotised by snakes, and no doubt this may occasionally happen. The only case I ever witnessed was in England, when I saw a frog hypnotised by a common adder. The remedy for a snake-bite is alcohol in large doses. Major Forbes, one of the officers of Colonel Pennefather's expedition, then moving in Rhodesia, was bitten by a mambra, and his brother officers took it in turn to walk him about all night, he meanwhile consuming nearly a bottle and a half of brandy.

Mafeking was the place where prospective troopers were put through their facings, the only men accepted being those who could ride and shoot. Some strange yarns were spun by them. One stated that he had been huntsman to the Belvoir (pronounced as spelt) for five years, another had been first whip to the Cottesmore, but on trying these two fellows it was obvious that neither had ever been on a horse in his life.

About three miles from Mafeking there were several *vleys* (swamps), which at certain seasons literally swarmed with water-fowl. The guns would be got into position and the natives sent to the different vleys to get the birds on the

wing; the bag was limited only by the number you wanted to kill. We counted one hundred after one shoot and found there were eight different species of duck amongst them. Again, too, on an island in one of the vleys, that I had waded out to, eggs of all sizes were lying so thick that I exploded two or three at every step; so far as I could judge they were all rotten, as they went off with a pop when stepped on.

It was when I was at Mafeking that a Belgian gentleman, a great naturalist, arrived. He was collecting birds, specimens of the rarer sort, to stuff, and on one occasion he joined our party for a shooting expedition. We took him to where small game, such as bush pheasants, partridges, etc., were plentiful and one of the party shot a small white hawk which the Count asserted was extremely rare. It was only winged; so, by way of killing it without spoiling the plumage, a pin was pushed through the skull into the brain and the bird placed in a net swung at the back of the cape cart. While we sat at luncheon the hawk, which had meanwhile recovered, fluttered out of the net, and before a shot could be fired the bird had gradually pulled itself together and was gone—an instance of the remarkable vitality of the hawk tribe.

The most expeditious mode of travelling in those

days was in the mail cart—a light wagon drawn by trotting bullocks. Generally a span of eight oxen was sufficient. In front of these ran the vore looper, a native who was replaced every four or five miles by another, that being about the distance a man could comfortably keep running at a pace of eight miles an hour. These primitive veldt paths twist about in an extraordinary manner, and it was astonishing that very few accidents occurred. On one occasion when we were travelling in the mail the bullocks shied off the road. I stopped the cart to investigate the reason and, about twenty yards from the pathway, found the corpse of a white man, far gone in decay. What added to the sadness of the discovery was the body of a dog lying beside him, probably a mongrel greyhound. The case of course was reported and a decent burial on the spot given by a file of men from the nearest camp. The strange thing to me was that the bullocks should have shied at the smell of a decayed human corpse when they paid no attention to the rotting carcasses of animals, of which there were many.

Shortly after arriving at the Maclonstie, one of our camps on the river of that name, one of the officers named Walford and I were riding together, doing some topographical work, when we came upon a group of eight young wart-hogs. Jump-

ing off our horses we each secured one, and the astonishing noise they made so scared our horses that they at once galloped off. Quickly handing my capture to Walford I set off in pursuit of our mounts, but I did not come up with them till they had reached the camp. On my immediate return to Walford I found him nearly exhausted, struggling manfully with the two little pigs. On getting back to camp it was almost dark and, in trying to put our captives under an inverted box, one escaped. The other, however, became a most interesting pet, and eventually was deposited in the London Zoological Gardens. About eighteen months after he had become an inmate of the Zoo I went to the gardens, and getting leave from the keeper entered his den, and found he recognised me at once, rubbing himself against my legs and squealing with pleasure.

At one of the camps, Fort Gaberones, where I was for some time, we had a pet ostrich, a hen bird. To anyone who paid attention to her and gave her food she became most attached. She was a regular camp scavenger. Bits of hide or leather to her were dainty morsels. It was my intention to send her to England, but when the mating season began she disappeared and never returned. In all the camps there was always a collection of pets, the diuker gazelle being the

commonest. They, however, never lived long, as they seemed to lose their natural instinct in the way of food, and would eat or swallow anything, even bits of iron and tin.

There was an immense variety of birds at Maclontsie. The hut I occupied was built under a vachtum beachy tree, or the "Wait-a-bit Thorn," thus called owing to the thorns growing the reverse way to the branch. On this tree were the nests of eighteen or twenty weaver birds. They always built at the extremity of the branches, with the entrance to the nests underneath, no doubt as a protection against snakes. There was also a small woodpecker's nest in a hole in the trunk of the tree, and every morning when I gave a tap, one of the pair would pop its head out, give a knowing nod, and retire. I have counted seven different varieties of birds engaged in a scuffle, every bird in the neighbourhood joining in, until this living fluttering mass of birds formed a ball two feet in diameter.

In this part of the country there is a species of ant named the Matabele, about half-an-inch long, and black. The males or soldiers have enormous jaws; when they get a grip you have to pull their bodies in half before they let go. Some of these could sting as well as bite. One great colony had their headquarters at the foot of a large tree, about

one hundred yards from the camp. When they came out on a foraging expedition the column was about two hundred yards long, the soldiers being well away on each side—a regular military formation with scouts in front. On one occasion I happened on them just as they were leaving their nest, and on scattering the front rank of the column with a stick the whole lot turned on their tracks and hurried back to shelter—similar to the thugs of India, who always relinquished their intended raid after an inauspicious start. Their raids were chiefly in search of white ant nests: I have seen them returning, each ant, excepting the scouts, carrying an egg. Ants are supposed to have great sagacity; but I have watched ants of all sorts, and if they met an obstruction, such as a strong blade of grass, they would, even when laden with some morsel of food, climb up one side and down the other instead of going round. Individual intelligence both in ants and bees is not of a high order, but their communal intelligence is marvellous.

There is a species of milliped common in these parts which, when mature, measure about nine or ten inches. On one of their forages the ants came across a full-grown specimen, and a great struggle ensued. The milliped, with several ants hanging on to each leg, fought valiantly, twisting

itself into every contortion imaginable; but it was only a few minutes before he succumbed, and about ten more before only the skeleton remained. And now came the interesting part of the proceedings. The ants that had fought, conquered and broken up the milliped composed only a comparatively small portion of the entire raiding party. They waited until the rest of the column had passed on. Then each ant, well laden, fell into its place in column, escorted by the necessary number of scouts, and proceeded homewards.

Sir Harry Johnston relates how in some districts of Western Tropical Africa enormous tracts of country are absolutely devastated by incredible armies of ants — a species measuring about an inch in length, black and armed with enormous jaws. These ants will clear the forests of every living thing. Birds, insects and animals, of the largest size, even elephants have to clear out, or else succumb.

Although the British Bechuanaland Border Police was by way of being a mounted corps, with a nominal strength of one hundred and fifty horses, sickness among the latter made it impossible to keep the corps up to the mark. About seventy-five per cent. of remounts succumbed annually. The only thing known at that time concerning this dreadful scourge was that the germ producing the sickness was either bred in

dew or that the dew was the vehicle of introduction to the horse, such being either drawn up through the nostrils into the lungs or entering the stomach when the animal was feeding. It was obvious then that horses should not be turned out to graze until the dew had evaporated; even with this precaution a large percentage acquired the disease. If by chance a horse did recover, he was termed "salted"—that is, immune from any further attack. Yet good "salted" horses were very scarce; consequently a large number of unsalted horses had to be purchased annually.

On referring to the article on dew in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* I find that for hundreds of years this phenomenon has been the subject of research and investigation. The ancients believed that dew was shed from the stars, and was of a pure and celestial essence; they also believed that it possessed the power of extending the duration of life and that the external application of it corrected any disposition to corpulence.

Dew of course rises from the earth, and it brings with it in some cases poison from soluble metals. In Derbyshire, in the vicinity of Matlock, domestic farm stock are affected if they are permitted to graze or feed when the dew is on the ground, acquiring a disease called belland, or lead poisoning. I believe in South

Africa horses can be bred with impunity at a height of 4000 feet. Below that level the scourge has a serious effect on the development of the country.

When I was at Maclontsie Camp two men arrived named Strombone and Ware. They claimed to have discovered not only a preventive but a cure for horse-sickness. They obtained permission to try their medicine, and lived in the camp for some months, being confident of securing the bonus of £50,000 promised by the Government to anyone who could discover a certain preventive; all to no purpose, however, as just as big a percentage of horses died after their treatment as before. Ware's right leg from the knee to the ankle was bent in the form of a bow, and his story concerning this deformity is worth repeating. When returning from prospecting for gold in the neighbourhood of the Shashi river a lion sprang on to his horse, throwing it down, with Ware underneath. He then proceeded to drag the horse away, but during the scuffle Ware's leg was broken. Fortunately, he managed to crawl to a tree up which a native, who was with him, had climbed and who could not be induced to come down until daylight. Meanwhile Ware, who had stuck to his rifle, which he twice fired at two other lions prowling round, had to remain sitting with his back to the tree for

something like ten hours before assistance arrived from the camp. Here his leg was bound up in the position it was in when at Maclontsie, as crooked as a bow.

Shortly after going to Maclontsie there arrived a party on a shooting expedition, the Marquess of Winchester,t hen known as J. Paulet, and the Hon. J. Murray, Master of Elibank, *en route* for Mashonaland. These gentlemen were our guests at the camp for about ten days, during which time we put in two or three shooting excursions. In one of these we camped close to a swamp on the Monopololi river. Here duck and spur-winged geese were plentiful. We had only just turned into our blankets for the night when we were suddenly roused by awful howls coming from a pointer who had managed to reach a ham intended for breakfast, which had been hung as we thought well out of reach of marauders, and to which the pointer was found hanging suspended on the hook. After releasing the unfortunate dog we turned in again, shortly to be disturbed by the cook, who had been stung in the neck by a scorpion. I believe the proper treatment for a sting from these insects is to rub in ammonia, but of this we had none. Still, with the external and internal application of whisky, we got the patient well enough to carry out his duties. I believe some animals are immune

from the sting of scorpions. I remember meeting a celebrated naturalist in Algiers, who provided me with a sponge bag and a pair of collecting tongs, asking me to put into the bag every manner of insect or creature I could find. I brought him some curious collections; one of these comprised scorpions, centipedes, a frog, two toads and a mouse. These he turned into a basin to see if there was a specimen amongst them worth keeping, but the mouse and the frog did not appear a bit the worse, yet it is certain they must have been either bitten or stung. The only animal I obtained for Anderson of any value was a lizard. We were in the verandah of the hotel at Hammam Rhirha, Algiers, when I caught a small lizard. On Anderson examining it, he pronounced it to be a specimen of great value, and it is still referred to in natural history as Anderson's Lizard. Among the guests in the hotel at the time were the late Sir Richard and Lady Burton. Sir Richard was then in poor health, but I was never more impressed with the personality of a man than when I met him. Indomitable resolution and consistency were stamped on every feature. I regard both these characteristics as the most important attribute in the mind of man. No person ever rose to distinction without them. There never was a great leader of men who was not consistent. Sir Richard Burton was one of the

great pioneers in surveying and exploring the continent of Africa.

Amongst others who passed through the camp at Maclontsie was the Hon. Maurice Gifford. On one occasion he and I had ridden out some fifteen miles from camp to a salt pan frequented by koodoos, where he wounded one; neither of us took any particular notice of our direction as we went on in pursuit, and eventually we lost track of the koodoo in the thick bush. As it was getting towards sundown we thought it time to be making tracks for home; so taking a view of the situation, Gifford pointed in a certain direction, saying he thought the camp lay that way. I differed on the point, maintaining that the route we ought to take was almost exactly the reverse to the way he proposed, and according to Lord Fisher in a letter to *The Times*, September, 1919, "It is only damned fools who argue." However, we agreed to differ, with a mutual: "You can go to the devil, I am going this way." And so we parted. I had ridden on my line for about an hour, and the sun looked like sinking in a few minutes, so in order to have a last look round I moved towards a small kopje. When I had got within about one hundred yards of it I saw my friend Gifford also making for the hill. We met with the most friendly greetings, spent the night at the bottom of the kopje, and resolved to

say never a word of our want of veldt craft. At daybreak we found a native cattle post and procured a guide back to camp.

Gifford was one of the most prominent of the officers who took part in the Matabele War. He received a wound which necessitated amputation of the arm. This took place not far from the scene of the magnificent stand made by Wilson and his gallant band, until they were overwhelmed and, with exception of one man, killed. Gifford was a brother of Lord Gifford, who did some excellent work in the developing of the country.

Khama, the chief of the Bechuanas, who had his headquarters at Palapsnye, was a great supporter of the British pioneers. The Matabele had made more than one attempt to acquire territory in Bechuanaland gallantly frustrated by this tribe. King Khama showed us a scar, the result of a wound, of which he was very proud: he had received it in a personal encounter with Lobengula, the Matabele chief.

Khama paid a visit to England, and was the only man of sufficient intelligence who could assimilate the grandeur and the power of England. Some time after Khama had visited England, Mr Cecil Rhodes sent two of the Chief Indunas of the Matabele to England so that they might realise what a great country it was. On returning to

their native land they were asked what impressed them most, and they replied that the beautiful pictures on the houses in the city and on the travelling wagons, alluding of course to advertisements, filled them with astonishment and awe. They had witnessed military reviews, in fact all the pageantry of war, and their minds could only grasp the trivialities—so much for trying to educate the black man in a hurry.

One of the small excursions I made from Maclontsie was to, and along the borders of, the Kalahari Desert. This time I took what we called a Scotch cart, with a half-bred bushman named Wilson and a couple of greyhounds. I had always been anxious to see how they would perform against the larger antelope.

The hartebeest antelope is in my opinion the fastest animal that lives, for a short distance; to prove this I made several attempts to slip a couple of greyhounds at one of these beautiful creatures. To have a fair trial, the veldt should be sufficiently clear of bush and the going good, and it should be arranged that the dogs be brought into view together; also one should manœuvre to get close enough to the hartebeest before the dogs are slipped. I had my camp about a mile from a vley where the grass was just beginning to grow, while the veldt all round was almost clear of scrub.

One morning, about an hour after sunrise, Wilson came in with news that five hartebeest were feeding in the vley. We therefore went out to reconnoitre the situation, and when I had chosen a position for a view, he went back to camp for the dogs. Everything turned out as we had hoped. Wilson managed to crawl up to within one hundred and twenty yards of the antelope before they seemed to be thoroughly alarmed, and when he slipped the dogs at them, they raced up together and got to within about twenty-five yards before the antelope, who seemed more curious than frightened, began to move. When they did, they got clean away from the greyhounds, every now and again halting and allowing their pursuers almost to reach them, and then spurting away again with the greatest ease. In fact, the dogs had no chance, and after going about a mile and a half they seemed to have had about enough of it. Jumping off my horse I therefore took a flying shot at the bull of the herd, breaking his leg above the hock, and with this handicap I made sure we would soon bring him to hand. It was, however, about four hours later before I got close enough to fire a fatal shot. Meanwhile the dogs had dropped out of the hunt. I followed on, sometimes on the spoor, sometimes in view, dismounting and firing when I got near enough, without putting in a fatal shot. Infamous

marksmanship, I will admit—but when the bull was eventually killed, I found that altogether he had been hit five times. Throughout the chase I had taken no notice whatever of the direction in which we were going, nor of any landmarks. Consequently when I came to think of making my way back to camp I found I had not the most remote idea of where it was. I had given no instructions to Wilson, but I came to the conclusion it was better to remain where I was and trust to my man following the spoor of the horse. About an hour before sundown I had taken up a position on an ant-hill, the highest bit of ground near, and I confess to a feeling of relief when I spotted the half-bred bushman. He was coming along evidently on the spoor, for he leaned over his mount now and again to get a better view of the horse's footprints. When we met I asked him where the cart was, and he pointed in the direction without the slightest hesitation — three hours' ride.

The hartebeest was a very fine specimen, and I should say weighed between four and five hundred pounds. The head we cut off and fixed in the fork of a tree out of the way of marauders, as we intended to fetch in the carcass the next day. However, a shower of rain in the night obliterated the spoor, consequently I was not able to

recover the head. It was long after dark when we got back to camp, and the dogs had not returned. One, a black bitch, was a real good one, who had won a small stake in England before she was imported to the General in South Africa, and had helped me on several occasions with wounded buck. The other was a cross-grained brute, but game. During the night I was awakened by Nellie, the black bitch, licking my face. She must have followed us as far as she could. I can picture her, uncertain whether to continue the hunt or return to camp. She must have used her nose successfully when she made up her mind to come back, otherwise she would never have reached camp. There are people who say greyhounds have no noses and are almost devoid of scent, but I don't agree with them.

The other dog never turned up, so I expect he was killed by lions.

About this time, as a guest we had Father Schomberg Kerr, a kinsman of the present Lord Lothian, who had been a commander in the navy. It is strange that ultra-enthusiasm or ultra-religionism runs in some families, notably the Scotch and Irish. Father Kerr on leaving the naval service became a Jesuit, and if a man can go through the period of probation and instruction, lasting for six years, he has proved himself of

exceptional quality, for to attain the dignity of Father in the Creed he must have conquered the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

We had arranged a special camp, a spacious tent with fittings, the best procurable, for his residence whilst with us, and I have watched him on several occasions standing facing the east in what appeared to me to be a state of trance, erect, with his arms crossed over his chest. At such times, however, no one went near him. It would have been sacrilege to interrupt his communion with the spirits, but I often noticed a dozen or two black faces peering through the bush that surrounded the clearing. No doubt they regarded him as a great medicine man.

The Jesuit missionary I have profound respect for: his methods of civilising are so very different from those of his Protestant confrère.

The Protestants, as a rule, used to begin operations by erecting a building of some sort, to which they invited or inveigled the native inhabitants. Then, by way of introducing Christianity, hymns were sung to the accompaniment of an organ. As a rule these natives of Bechuanaland are born musicians. They love music, and the number of converts to Christianity under these circumstances are, it is very easy to imagine, most satisfactory. My view of the Protestant Missionary Society is

that there is quite enough, and perhaps more, for them to do at home before they tackle what they are pleased to style the "heathen" in foreign countries. The civilising of coloured people in all lands by means of missionaries has proved a ghastly failure. In a few years the state of the unfortunate people tackled by missionaries is infinitely worse than when the Christianising commenced. Its results are the utter degeneration of the unfortunate people. The introduction of spirits and the Bible confuses them beyond belief, and ends in physical degradation.

The Jesuit methods are entirely different. They leave the spiritual part alone, and endeavour to improve the general status of the natives, showing them how to improve their manner of cultivating crops, instilling thrift and cleanliness, etc.

The experience gained or taught in some hundreds of years proves beyond question that attempting to civilise the black races is labour spent in vain. I draw a distinction between christianising and civilising. To attempt the former is worse than futile; the latter should be confined to instilling discipline enough to make the natives useful to the white man.

Harking back to sporting in South Africa. The Cape hunting dogs were often to be heard at the camp at Maclontsie. I believe they never give

tongue except when in pursuit of game. The lycaons are among the most ungainly of animals, and one would never believe from their appearance that they are capable of pulling down some of the swiftest antelope in the veldt. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick in *Jock of the Bush Veldt* describes their method. They first scatter widely over the chosen area where game is located, then one buck is chosen as the easiest victim, and cutting it out from the herd they follow that one, and that alone, with remorseless, invincible persistency. One or two of the pack take up the chase, giving their victim no moment's rest for breath, from time to time emitting their peculiarly weird call. Others of the pack, posted afar, head the buck off, to turn it back again; the fresh ones then take up the chase and the first pair drop out to take a rest and wait. Once a buck is selected he is doomed. Their method is something akin to the remorseless pertinacity with which a stoat hunts a rabbit. I have followed a stoat hunting a rabbit and seen him pay no attention to other rabbits passed close by in the chase; curiously, these rabbits appeared to take no notice of him. When the hunted rabbit realises that there is no escape he gives in, and with pitiful squeals awaits his pursuer. If he would only stop and fight, a different tale could be told, as a stoat finds out

to its cost when it tackles a rabbit with a nest of young.

A native once brought me a half-grown lycaon pup. A more uninteresting pet could not be imagined. Under captivity his natural intelligence seems to evaporate, and nothing takes its place. These wild dogs rely on numbers to enable them to obtain food, and I expect that when the bitches lie up with whelp many succumb to starvation. Single-handed they could capture nothing. Their numbers, so far as I could ascertain, had decreased, as those of all carnivorous animals do as the game becomes scarce from being disturbed or shot. I think the wild dog of South Africa is now a distinct species and has probably evolved from a cross between the common semi-domestic dog and a hyena, taking after the latter in appearance. The fact that he is called the Cape hunting dog suggests that the most southern tract of South Africa is the birthplace of the tribe.

The year 1891 was a great one in the development of Mr Cecil Rhodes' imperialism. The British Bechuanaland Border Police formed part of the mechanism which was to open up a considerable part of the continent of Africa. A railway to unite the two extremities of the Cape and Cairo was the grand inspiring call of a gigantic scheme. It brought the British nation into

direct conflict with the Boers on one side, and with the various tribes of aboriginals on the other. The most southern races, the Zulus, the Pongos, the Basutos, etc., had already been dealt with. It remained only to deal with the Matabele and various independent races farther north. The Bechuanas, with their chief, Khama, had already given their support and allegiance to the British. In the year of grace 1891 the chiefs of our executive—including Cecil Rhodes and Lord Randolph Churchill—decided on a tour of inspection—viz. a trip from Cape Town to Fort Salisbury, comprising a distance of some 2000 miles. The principal antagonists to British occupation were the Boers. Colonel Pennefather was leading an expedition through Mashonaland which practically forestalled the intention of the Boers. According to Lord Randolph Churchill, "in men, mines and animals in South Africa," the main object of the threatened trek into Mashonaland by the Boers was to put pressure upon the High Commissioner in the matter of Swaziland. "If you will redeem your promise of giving us Swaziland, we will drop the trek"—so said the Boers. Lord Randolph Churchill on his travels northwards had journeyed through the Transvaal, and his wonderful power of observation and discernment is trenchantly expressed thus: "I speak of the nation of Transvaal

Boers, as a whole, as I think I have seen it. I turned my back gladly on this people, hastening northwards to lands possessed I hope of equal wealth, brighter prospects, reserved for more worthy owners, entitled to happier destinies. I rejoiced, after all I had seen in the Transvaal, that the country and the people of the Matabele and the Mashona had been rescued in the nick of time owing to the genius of Mr Rhodes and the tardy vigour of the British Government from the mortal and withering grasp of the Boer."

It was at Tuli, the first fort of the Mashonaland Police, that I had the privilege of meeting Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr Cecil Rhodes and Dr Jameson. These three distinguished men had to pass through remarkable vicissitudes of political fortunes, and none lived to see complete realisation of his schemes. All died comparatively young: Cecil Rhodes was forty-nine, Lord Randolph Churchill forty-six and Dr Jameson fifty years of age. From all accounts they overtaxed their strength, mentally and physically. The years lying between forty and fifty ought to see the zenith of a man's capabilities. Wellington and Napoleon were forty-six, so were four of Napoleon's generals, when the battle of Waterloo was fought. Historians of that period suggest that Napoleon on that day had lost the forceful energy and magnetic influence

which had hitherto, in battles, been the equivalent of an additional division to his army. He of course failed to realise his ambition. No man can become greatly distinguished without ambition. That word has a purely political origin: its real meaning is "going round to solicit votes for an election to a civic office among the Romans." Napoleon's ambition was certainly in its first inception entirely selfish. It was power he wanted and he unquestionably gained it. His dictum that "knowledge is power" was vindicated to the full in his marvellous career, in his intuitive knowledge of war and organisation, and in his unfailingly correct judgment of men and his alertness in making the best of every situation that presented itself. Absorbing wisdom day by day, assimilating and digesting every lesson that life could teach him, he developed an intellect unequalled among men. His wonderful career was compressed into about twenty-five years of his active life.

All biographers who have written of Rhodes draw analogies between him and greatly distinguished men. Sir Lewis Michell compares him to the Cæsars, Napoleon and Clive.

Mr Gordon Le Suer, one of his biographers, says: "There was a strange facial resemblance between Rhodes and some of the Roman Cæsars." Thus it seems that physiognomy and phrenology

must have a great deal to do with the character of a man. Rhodes believed in this, for it is said, when inspecting classes of boys or young men, he would make comments as to which he considered were likely to become distinguished.

Lavater says: "Whether they are or are not sensible of it, all men are influenced daily by physiognomy. There is not a man who does not more or less the first time he is in company with a stranger observe, estimate, compare and judge him according to appearances."

My impression of Mr Rhodes was that he was one of the most remarkable men I had ever met. His conversation was always on matters connected with his schemes; he asked questions of everyone, and then he would lapse into silence for some time, before another string of questions came pouring out. He appeared to take no interest whatever in animals; so unceasingly was his brain at work that he seemed to have no time for eating and drinking. He swallowed his food almost without masticating it, and he gulped his drink down with I should think serious detriment to his digestion. Even Gladstone descended to the discussion of the process of eating, and, it is said, subjected every mouthful of meat to thirty-two bites before swallowing; he regarded this habit as absolutely necessary for those who aspire to a long life.

The views or opinions of great men on the matter of religion are interesting, and, according to Mr Gordon Le Suer, Rhodes did not care about discussing it. Yet on one occasion he said: "Let a man be a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, a Christian, or what you will. Let him call himself what he likes, but if he does not believe in a Supreme Being he is no man; he is no better than a dog."

Napoleon is said to have had no belief in a future life, but gave it as his opinion that some sort of religion was a necessity to humanity. Great army captains do not as a rule bring into their dispatches the name of the Almighty; yet Lee, the Southern commander in the American Civil War, did so. He began his dispatches with fervent thanks for victories already achieved and supplications to the Deity for further assistance, very different from the blunt trenchant dispatches of his opponent Ulysses Grant, by which it would seem that Napoleon's dictum proved correct—viz. that Providence is on the side of the biggest and best-led battalions.

Dr Jameson was at Tuli, and my first meeting with him was for medical advice. Just previous to leaving Fort Gaberones, where I met General Carrington, to accompany him in the capacity of Staff-Officer, I had been thrown sky-high from a newly arrived remount, and pitching on my head received a knock that resulted in severe concussion

of the brain. When we arrived at Tuli, the General, on meeting Dr Jameson, asked him to go and see me. The doctor prescribed complete rest and darkness, and confinement to my tent. Eventually, he sent round a small bottle of eau-de-Cologne, a bottle he had brought up for himself. I felt deeply grateful for his attention. The doctor had just returned from Fort Salisbury, and I was told that he had been the means of saving the life of Mr Rutherford Harris. This gentleman, after bathing in a pool in one of the rivers up there, was seated drying himself on a rock when a crocodile seized him by the small of the back, lacerating it severely. The doctor up there had ordered Mr Harris continually to bathe the part with hot water and bandage it; so frequently was he advised to do this that the injured part looked like becoming gangrenous. Dr Jameson at once altered the treatment, and in a fortnight the patient had recovered.

Kindness and sympathy seemed to me the chief attributes of Dr Jameson. I would never have imagined him as a leader of an almost forlorn hope, as the Jameson Raid was.

General Carrington had intended to proceed to Fort Salisbury, the destination of Mr Rhodes, Dr Jameson and Lord Randolph Churchill, but at Tuli he changed his plans, having obtained six

months' leave to England. Instead of going north we started for the south, I remaining at Maclontsie in temporary command of the corps, whilst he proceeded to England.

The war dance of the Matabele tribe, an annual function which is in reality a harvest festival, was to begin about a couple of months after I had taken charge. The distance from Maclontsie to Bulawayo is about two hundred and forty miles. By way of breaking the monotony of camp and making myself acquainted with the country, I obtained from the High Commissioner at Cape Town fourteen days' leave for the purpose of shooting. Another officer in the corps, also seconded, was equally as keen as myself on witnessing one of the historic functions in the life of the most powerful nation in that part of South Africa. We therefore arranged that two separate routes should be taken, and a survey made of each. Captain (as he then was) Sitwell, now a Major-General, had originally been in the 5th Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers, Militia, as I had myself, likewise Major (now Sir) Rawleigh Grey and Colonel Carr Elison, all Northumberland men, who had joined the Militia previous to entering the army. It was rather a strange coincidence that four men from the same county should have become members of the British Bechuanaland

Border Police, all serving with it at the same time.

At Bulawayo were Mr Colenbrander, representative of the Chartered Company, and Mr Renny Tayleur, the latter trying to obtain a concession from Lobengula. It was in Mr Tayleur's compound that we made our headquarters.

The dance is a harvest festival. All the fighting members of the nation, forming "Impis" or regiments, from the outlying kraals, assemble at Bulawayo to pay homage to the King and take part in the festivities. No woman, or lad not yet entered as a fighting man, dare show up. Old Loben held his court in his kraal, and there was at that time only one wagon in the country; this was utilised as a sort of forum from which the King received the homage of his subjects. As each "Impi" arrives the chief of it comes forward in a stooping, crouching gait, the left shoulder depressed by the weight of the shield and assegai which he carries. Each man as he approaches chants verses in praise of the King. I was told that on one day during the festival, and on one day only, the women are allowed to sally out, and that every man, woman and child bathes in the river. I did not see this performance, but believe it to be a fact, a custom of ancient origin from the Jews. When the festivities are coming to an end,

a great number of oxen are turned loose and the warriors show their skill in slaughtering them with the assegai; a bad bungle is greeted with ironic cheers and shouts, and a general scramble takes place to avoid the charges of the wounded ox.

When the functions come to an end the Impis parade *en masse* in the presence of the King, chanting a song and stamping their feet on the ground in unison with the tune. Then the King descends from his wagon, takes an assegai in his right hand and casts it with a mighty throw in the direction of their supposed enemies. A huge feast ends the performance.

Mr Colenbrander took me up to be presented to His Majesty. On seeing me he said, "The white man is very thin," and immediately ordered food and beer. The food consisted of a huge steak, which I did not eat, but after one of the witch doctors had tasted the beer, a custom to show it was not poisoned, I took a good drink of it. It is made from millet seed, and requires to be drunk often before one relishes it. On the following day Captain Sitwell was taken by Colenbrander to interview His Majesty, and an incident happened which might have had serious consequences for all the white folks there.

On leaving the King's presence Sitwell took a pipe from his pocket, closing the case with a snap

before putting it back. He and Colenbrander had proceeded only about two hundred yards when a messenger from the King hastened after, summoning them back to the kraal. It appeared that one of the witch doctors, who had been watching operations, imagined, or chose to believe, that the case contained a pistol and that Sitwell had actually pointed it at Lobengula. Mr Colenbrander had a difficult job to persuade the King to the contrary, and the last words old Loben said were: "If the white man had presented a pistol I would have made a dust round the white man's kraal." In fact, all the whites would have been killed, and the rebellion that broke out some eighteen months later would have been precipitated. This incident was not made light of when Colenbrander reported our visit at Bulawayo, and the result of that report by no means lightened the responsibility that I undertook, first of all, in taking over command of the corps, and in the next place, leaving the command of it to an officer who was not what was called "Imperial." This officer was Captain the Hon. Charles, son of the present veteran Earl of Coventry, a most gallant gentleman, who has had the unique experience of seeing the inside of a Boer gaol, as well as a Turkish one. It will be remembered that Captain Coventry was taken prisoner along with several squadrons of mounted

troops when we suffered a reverse in the neighbourhood of Gaza.

On the day of this incident I had ridden out some ten or twelve miles from Bulawayo. On my return I had arrived within three miles of Bulawayo, my horse burdened with the extra weight of a paw or bustard (some of these birds reach a weight of about thirty pounds), when I came upon one of the Impis, or regiments of fighting men, who had gone to headquarters to participate in the festivities. For some real or imagined breach of the unwritten law of the Matabele they had been sent home in disgrace. There are no minor punishments for evil-doers; one only—and that is death! There are no such anomalies as "unwanted babies." If a girl gets into trouble in this way there is short shrift both for herself and her lover, as they are both put to death.

Some years previously this particular kraal had incurred the King's displeasure, and all the women of the kraal that were *enceinte* were assembled close to a small hill, adjacent to the kraal, and then slaughtered, few escaping. It was the descendants of this same kraal that were in trouble again, and it was the disgraced crowd of warriors that I met, all in their war paint, picturesque and truculent, some with monkey skins and some with leopard skins round their waists,

with their headgear adorned with ostrich feathers, each man carrying a shield and assegais. I came on them somewhat suddenly on topping a rise in the ground; on seeing me they broke into a run, tapping their shields and shouting in deep guttural tones. My first impulse was to gallop off, but realising that my horse was just about cooked, I merely edged off the path and rode stolidly on. I had my rifle ready, and when a man came too close I brought it up menacingly. Eventually I got past the crowd, numbering about one hundred and fifty, with a feeling of intense relief.

On reaching Bulawayo I went straight to Colenbrander to make inquiries concerning this infuriated mob. Colenbrander's reply was:

"You actually met these fellows and are still alive and well!"

"I am here, that is clear enough," I replied.

"If you had shown the slightest sign of fear you would have had a hundred assegais into you before you could wink."

Some three days after this episode Colenbrander, Renny Tayleur and myself were discussing the situation. The former's opinion was that the sooner I departed the better for all. He said by an old custom the Matabele regarded their harvest festivities as one at which no spectators should be present, and that my presence was

acting as a very disturbing element. Then a message arrived, sent by Captain Coventry by native runners, suggesting that I should return to Maclontsie with all haste, as inquiries concerning me were being pressed from Cape Town.

Colenbrander was strongly of the opinion that I should leave at once, but should follow a route different from the one I had come by for the first ten miles, thus avoiding two of the principal kraals. After dark the next night, in company with Lynman, a trooper in the corps and a first-class veldt man, who had accompanied me from Maclontsie, we started for Tati, where a man named Farley had a store, and where I had stopped for a night on my northward trek. The distance was about one hundred and twenty miles, and we each rode one horse and led another, riding them by turns. This distance we covered in twenty-seven hours. When we arrived within a few hundred yards of Tati, and could see a light in Farley's hut, I missed hearing the footfall of the horses behind me. On going back I found the trooper lying on the ground fast asleep and the horses standing by him, so I pulled him out of the track, propped him against a tree, hitched his horses up, and rode on to the store. Farley was not in, but as I thought he would be back shortly, when I intended to go back and fetch in my servant, I lay down on a bench couch in the

room and went to sleep. Next morning at daylight Farley woke me up. On discovering that the man had not come in I hurried off up the road with Farley, as hard as we could go. There, to our inexpressible relief, we found the man and horses exactly in the same position as I had left them some hours previously.

I got to Maclontsie late the following night, and I found that indeed so far as I was concerned "the fat was in the fire" and frizzling with uncommon vigour. To make matters worse, a paragraph appeared in *Truth* to the effect that "Captain Scott, in temporary command of the Bechuanaland Border Police, had taken the opportunity of going into forbidden country to witness the war dance of the Matabele, etc." Sir Frederick Carrington and the officers on leave had been recalled, and altogether I got myself thoroughly disliked. In the meantime I was to consider myself under arrest. However, when the General arrived in Cape Town things were soon smoothed over.

It happened that Lord Randolph Churchill was at Fort Gaberones, and on his return from Mashonaland I was there awaiting Sir Frederick Carrington's arrival from England. I had gone for a ride with him across the border, and when I explained that we were in Transvaal territory he said:

"I think we had better get back, as if the Boers have seen what I have said about them in my letters home they will be after me."

This was in jest, of course, but there is no doubt that they were becoming unbearably truculent and insolent. His opinion of them has already been quoted.

That evening Lord Randolph's meal consisted of a poached egg and a bottle of champagne; he was unable to eat more from fatigue. The main object of his travels in Africa was to regain at least some of his fast-declining health, and I well remember his saying that the climax of a somewhat overtaxed brain was reached when he was preparing his Budget speech, 1886; shortly after this he resigned the appointment of Chancellor. About a year after my return to England I happened to be a guest of the Hon. R. Burke, who had taken Lord Mayo's residence in County Kildare. It was here that Lord Randolph had been staying when he was preparing the speech, and the room which was put at his disposal was shown to guests as a sort of memorial of his indefatigable capacity for work. As Lord Randolph himself said, he never recovered from the terrific strain of that all-night sitting. During these hours he had smoked over a hundred cigarettes and consumed large quantities of whisky and soda.

I believe that all men who work the brain to excess require artificial stimulants. Some require alcohol in some form, others narcotics. The fact remains that very brilliant men have short lives. Without artificial assistance, they would probably not achieve brilliancy.

Lord Randolph was quite the most brilliant man of his time. It is, however, interesting to record that his first attempt to pass the entrance examination into Oxford was a failure. Other great men, notably the Duke of Wellington and Lord Rosebery, have shown that early failure in scholastic affairs is by no means an indication that their future will be undistinguished.

Lord Randolph spent two or three days at Gaberones, and amongst other interesting incidents of his expedition to Mashonaland he recounted various adventures with lions. Very few men who go on sporting expeditions to South Africa have the luck to see lions, even though they be in a lion-infested district. I believe it is Mr F. Selous who says that he was two years in the country before seeing one, and his object was to find and shoot game of any sort; but extraordinary luck befell Lord Randolph in this respect. He describes how he, in company with Mr Hans Lee, one of the expert hunters of that time, came on a group of lions, eight to ten in number. Confronted with

such an alarming sight as this, many experienced hunters might have thought twice before going right into the midst of them, but Lord Randolph says:

"Trooping and trotting along ahead of us like a lot of enormous dogs, the great yellow objects offered such a sight as I had never dreamed of. My horse, untrained to the gun, would not allow me to fire from his back. I therefore stuck close to Lee, determined to let him do the shooting, unless things became critical, as his aim was true."

It appears that only one, a lioness, was bagged. Lord Randolph then goes on to describe that, during the process of searching for another wounded lion, he thought it wise to climb a tree, thereby procuring a good view of the field of operations.

Truth in its Christmas number of 1893 published a cartoon depicting the Evolution of Lord Randolph.

Lord Randolph gave great praise to the Bechuanaland Border Police. Writing of the Headquarters he says:

"No traveller can fail to be struck by the exceeding cleanliness and order as well as by the excellent construction of the quarters of the officers and men. It would be difficult to speak too highly of this force. No drinking, no idleness, no slovenliness

can be detected. In this lonely spot far away from civilisation, day after day throughout the long year, the members of this force manage to occupy all their time, to keep themselves in an irreproachable condition of efficiency and smartness. No duty or errand is repugnant to the Bechuanaland Border Police. A private will start off to ride two or three hundred miles through the bush with nothing but a haversack containing biscuit, tea and coffee and a small patrol tin. A wonderful esprit-de-corps animates them. Two of the officers had returned, when I arrived, from a ten days' prowl all by themselves right into Lobengula's country, entered upon partly for survey purposes, partly for the obtaining of information, a service by no means devoid of peril, performed in the most light-hearted but effectual manner."

This is a great tribute to the organising power of the man who raised the corps and commanded—viz. Sir Frederick Carrington. The two officers he refers to were Captain Sitwell and myself; our adventures I have endeavoured to describe.

The following lines from Dryden appear so apt, on recalling the pleasures of the past, I make no apology for quoting them here:

> Happy the man, and happy he alone,
> He who can call to-day his own—

He who, secure within, can say:
"To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Come fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven herself over the past hath power!
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour."

DRYDEN.

CHAPTER II

INDIAN REMINISCENCES

SOLDIERING in India fifty or sixty years ago was probably nothing like so strenuous as it is at the present time, and I recall with pleasure the two and a half years I had the privilege of serving with my regiment at Mhow, Central India.

The first few months were spent in learning drill, instruction in the riding school, etc. The Adjutant, who was a great sportsman, instructed me in jungle craft as well as in professional detail, and as a consequence we became great friends. A most vivid recollection comes to my mind of his untimely end.

About a week before the tragedy I am about to relate he and I had gone out to shoot quail. The Adjutant was driving the tonga, the most primitive vehicle possible—really a board on two wheels attached to a couple of ponies. He and I were in front, a man with a gun and spaniel behind. We had left the road, making for a clump of trees to obtain shelter from a storm. Just as we bumped over a small watercourse a terrific clap

of thunder with a simultaneous flash of lightning caused the ponies to jump the obstacle. The pole of the tonga broke, and the body of it turned completely over. My friend gave a scream, and when I had picked myself up, and could view the situation, I found my companion lying senseless. My first impression was that he had been struck by lightning, but fortunately this was not the case, and the native servant and myself managed to get him home. I would not recall this incident were it not for the tragic result. Exactly a week later I found my friend, whose name I do not wish to mention, writing letters in his bungalow. The curious expression on his face drew my attention, but I could get no inkling of what was in his mind. It struck me as strange, however, when he offered to make me a present of his spaniel, a dog I had many times heard him declare he would never part with. We were to dine with the Colonel that night, and during dinner I thought I had never seen the Adjutant in better spirits—in fact, any misgivings I had had as to what might be his intentions vanished. Next morning he was absent from parade, and while we were at breakfast his servant came to summon me to the bungalow. Pointing to the bathroom he said:

"The Sahib is in there."

Sure enough, we found him lying full length on

the floor. The mirror in the room was spattered with powder, and it was clear he had looked in it when putting the revolver to his mouth.

Strangely enough, it has happened that I have three times in my life been principal witness in suicide cases. In each instance evidence threw no light upon the reason for self-destruction. I have many times heard it argued as to whether such is the act of a brave man or a coward, and I incline to the opinion that it must require a vast amount of resolution to do the final act. The letters my friend wrote the evening prior to his death were to bid good-bye to various friends. What passed through my mind was, if he had not written those letters, would he have thought better of it? Having written them, he may have thought that it would be cowardice to refrain from committing the final act. If that is so, then the deed was that of a brave and resolute man. I have no doubt it was the shaking his nervous system received from the accident when driving a week previous to the tragedy that upset his mental equilibrium.

During the hot weather season of 1879 the late Colonel Walker (who later commanded the regiment) and myself spent our long leave on a shooting trip to the jungles skirting the Narbudda. The bag at the end of the trip consisted of seven tigers, and

several bears and deer, but I came to the conclusion that tiger shooting was an indifferent form of sport. The best part of the fun was tracking the tiger to his lair and marking him down. This is done by the native shikarees. I usually accompanied them, and most fascinating it was to watch them following a track in difficult ground, such as the dry bed of a river, where perhaps the displacement of a pebble here and there was the only sign of an animal having been on the move. Once the tiger is marked down, positions are taken up by the guns and the drive begins. We had the use of four elephants, and these used as beaters were enough as a rule to cause the tiger to break; if the guns were well placed it was seldom that we did not account for the game.

On one occasion a tiger broke back without having a shot fired at her, and the guns were immediately mounted on the elephants and we went on in pursuit. The jungle was very sparse and bare, and two or three times we got a view. Eventually she was bagged, when we found that the thick coating of skin on the pads of her feet had blistered and peeled off and the wretched animal must have been for some time in intense pain. We also ascertained that it was only a matter of days before she was due to lay up with cubs. It is such unfortunate incidents that happen

now and again which sadly diminishes the pleasures of the sport.

Anyone who has been close to a tiger is aware of a somewhat curious smell this animal has, both in captivity and in the wild. It happened one day that Walker and myself were moving along the banks of a deep nullah to take up our positions for the drive. When we were close to the "beat" I remarked to Walker that I winded a tiger. As we were talking, one of the shikarees ran up to us, and seemed intensely astonished that we had not met the animal, as it was only a minute since he had been seen going in our direction. From investigation it appeared that he had passed beneath us three or four yards away, hidden by some long grass and scrub. It is remarkable how a tiger can slip through the jungle without being seen, taking advantage of every blade of grass and crouching low to the ground. Under such circumstances, a full-grown animal will look no bigger than a cat. Very different if he has to cross a patch bare of cover; no need to try to hide himself then. He stands to his full height, and is one of the most beautiful animals in creation.

A somewhat curious incident happened one day when I went alone with the beaters to hunt up a panther, said to have his abode in a deep nullah. I had taken up a position on the top of a pile of

rock and stones, close to one side of the ravine. The beaters had not succeeded in getting the game on foot and were all collected round where I was sitting. I had taken the cartridges out of the rifle, and was about to enjoy a smoke, when one of the beaters said: "I know where the panther is."

He followed up his remark by climbing up a few feet of the bank opposite to where I sat. Just above his head was a hole which appeared to be the opening of a small cave. He had no sooner put his head to the hole than the panther sprang out, knocking his turban off and alighting on the heap of stones where I was, two yards away. For about ten seconds the panther glared at me, and very thankful I felt when he turned and jumped to the ground.

Sitting over water where animals come to drink at night is a most fascinating sport. A great variety of game visit these pools in dry weather, and although I do not recollect having been successful in obtaining what I always went for, either tiger or leopard, there was great enjoyment in watching the various animals. The dead stillness, always more noticeable before sundown, seems to give a certain amount of confidence to the animals of the wild when they are approaching a locality which instinct tells them is full of danger. About three miles from our camp there was a water-hole

said to be a favourite spot for the thirsty folk of the jungle, and on inspecting the ground one evening about two hours before sundown it was evident from the tracks of all sorts of animals that it was well frequented. My shikaree and myself proceeded to rig up a small shelter, in which we took up our position. The first arrivals were four peacocks. So silently had they come forward, apparently taking advantage of every little bit of cover, that they seemed to burst on our vision as if they had risen from a hole in the ground. As they approached the water, only moving a few steps at a time, they were the embodiment of alertness and suspicion. When they got to the edge of the pool only two at a time dipped their heads to drink. Whether this plan was by arrangement I cannot say, but when two were drinking the other two scanned the view in every direction. When they had drunk their fill they moved away in the same stealthy and cautious manner.

The next to visit the pool were a herd of about twelve wild pigs. As they descended a game path from the top of the nullah leading to the water, I had a good view of them as they moved in single file, a few steps at a time, then a simultaneous halt, then a few steps forward — every motion depicting intense caution, trusting, I should say, more to their sense of hearing than of sight.

As they came near the pool either I or my man made some slight movement—so slight that I was not aware of it—and in a flash the pigs swung round on their tracks and disappeared.

Following the pigs, there came a small gazelle. That, like the peacocks, struck on the vision as if a fairy hand had placed it there. As it approached the water with steps both timid and dainty, a most pathetic expression in its eye, it seemed to me that Nature is cruel in her scheme of life. A fight or struggle for existence is a law so stern and unflinching that the slightest slacking of eternal vigilance may cost an animal its life. As the little thing was about to drink, a swirl of sand rose with astonishing quickness, and caused a pillar of dust and sand to rise several feet in height, obscuring for the moment the presence of the gazelle. When the swirl subsided the animal was still there, but I fancied I could see it tremble. Its nerve was gone, and in three or four graceful bounds it was out of sight.

So far very few of the thirsty folk of the jungle had been able to satisfy their thirst, and I wondered whether the animals that came to drink were rendered more cautious than usual by the fact of my man and self being there. I think this is more than probable. However, as we waited, a half-grown porcupine passed behind us, apparently

quite indifferent to any possible danger. But I take it that very few animals will tackle these creatures, hence their confidence when abroad.

The sun was just about to set, so we left our shelter and proceeded homewards.

I have before mentioned that the scent of a tiger is readily discernible. We had gone only about a quarter of a mile along the game path when I stopped and said to my shikaree: "I smell a tiger." His response was a yell so sudden that it broke on the stillness like the bursting of a shell.

"That will frighten him," said he.

The following morning we went to the spot and there, right enough, were the tracks of the tiger over ours, and the marks where he stirred the sand on the path when he jumped on hearing, I suppose, that dreadful yell.

When we returned to headquarters the live stock collected during the trip comprised a bear cub, a panther cub and a young Indian dog. The panther eventually arrived at the Zoological Gardens in Bombay, but it was never an interesting pet, being surly and unsociable. The temperament of animals varies just as much as the temperament of human beings.

The variableness in the latter can be accounted for. Yet it is not easy to find the reason that

causes one animal to be unsociable and stupid and another of the same breed to be the reverse. The bear cub was very different from the panther. He was delighted with anyone that paid him attention; by means of bribing him with sugar my native taught him all sorts of tricks. The wild dog puppy, about two months old when I got him, lived only ten months. I have never seen one in any zoological collection that I have visited. Flood, the keeper of the carnivora house in Dublin, says he managed to keep one alive and well for about three years, and gave it as his opinion that it was a record. I do not think, however, a great deal is known about them. They were said to be fairly plentiful round about Mhow and Indore, Central India, but I managed to see only two. It is said they are true dogs. They hunt in small packs and will not eat carrion like jackals. The puppy I had for eight months. It became very tame and was very fond of a fox terrier I had, the two playing together every day. The Indian dog got into bad health after about six months, developed an enormous belly and had an insatiable appetite. He seemed to be more fond of bread and milk than anything else.

It is strange that the animals allied to "canidæ" should be more difficult to tame and manage successfully than almost any other species of wild fauna.

The wild red dog of India and the Cape hunting dog of South Africa are equally averse from adapting themselves to the conditions of captivity, so it may be that they have evolved from a race of animals which is not allied to the dog tribe at all. The functions of mating in these two species are different from those of the true dog.

The time for long leave in India is during the hot weather. Those officers having sporting tastes generally spend their leave in the jungles, but a proportion must remain to carry on the work. Barrack life in India at that time was apt to cause boredom. A good part of the afternoon was spent in sleep. Card games and gambling instincts also had a fine opportunity for being developed, and a few instances of what happened may prove interesting.

There was an officer in our regiment who was a most inveterate gambler. He would bet on anything, even as to how long a fly would sit on a lump of sugar. In his bungalow he had a rough wooden table, and when he could collect two or three genial souls together, the game was for each man to have a lump of sugar about two feet away. From the edge of the table was laid a train of gunpowder to the sugar, and the pool was scooped by the man who killed the largest number of flies by igniting the train. About eight miles from Mhow there was a hill called

the Sugar Loaf, from its resemblance to one. It was covered for the most part with thick scrub, but had some fair grazing for cattle on the top. Our friend made a bet with another officer that he would not run up the hill and back in a certain time. It looked good odds that the man who took the bet would win. However, when he came to tackle the job he found that the only paths to the top were so hampered with cattle, carefully driven up with the object of blocking these paths, that the specified time had long expired before he completed his task. What put the cap on this fellow's trickery was as follows. One of the officers passing the ante-room windows of the mess bungalow saw Mr X. measuring the legs of the card-tables. Guessing what was afoot, he waited till the measuring was finished and the coast clear. He then got a saw and shortened the legs by an inch. Sure enough, the conversation at mess turned on the height of the tables. Large bets were made, and an adjournment to the ante-room took place, where the tables were measured. Captain X. failed to settle and within three days was on his way back to England.

CHAPTER III

FAMOUS GENERALS AND HORSEMANSHIP

I HAVE referred to several of our present-time generals as being more than capable horsemen; but good horsemanship was not a characteristic of some of the most brilliant generals of years gone by. In discussing this subject with a friend, he told me of a fact that does not appear in Sir George Arthur's book—viz. that Lord Kitchener, in the procession on the occasion of the Coronation of King George, rode the New Zealand bred winner of our Grand National, Moifa, who was kindly lent to Kitchener by Major-General J. F. Brocklehurst, now Lord Ranksborough. It was to him that King Edward made a present of the gelding after he had failed, 'neath royal colours, to repeat the Liverpool victory he had scored in 1904 for Mr Spencer Gollan. I make mention of this because there are some folks who believe that if a horse has been trained and raced he is too apt to become unsettled and nervous and require a good horseman to ride him. This view, however, is very fallacious. In fact the reverse is actually the case, for the more experience a horse has the more knowledgeable and sensible he becomes.

Lord Kitchener was no horseman. I have known men as tall and much of the same build as that great general who when riding looked like part of a horse; but K. of K. had an ugly seat and never appeared to be very comfortable when mounted. He had, of course, to take part in many processions, and I understand he looked best and enjoyed himself more when he was on the back of Democrat, an American bred and a remarkably well-named racer, being by Sensation out of Equality. I believe this horse was brought to this country by the late Lord William Beresford and eventually became the property of Richard Marsh, the King's trainer. It was Marsh who made a present of him to Lord Kitchener, who rode him in the Delhi Durbar Procession of King Edward VII.

Lord Kitchener was rather doubtful about accepting Democrat even to take out to India as a charger, though he had the assurance of Marsh that he was very quiet and that he had often been ridden on Newmarket Heath by that trainer's daughter. K. of K. played for safety in accepting the invitation of the Duke of Portland to send Democrat to the riding school at Welbeck Abbey before shipping him out to India. Lord Kitchener eventually grew more than proud of his race gift, and though he never raced him, Democrat took many prizes at the horse shows, and was finally

chosen by his lordship as a model for the statue erected in commemoration to this great soldier in Calcutta.

Under all the above circumstances I was surprised to read in Sir George Arthur's memoirs that while in Cyprus K. of K. acted as whip to a pack of hounds. On an Arab mare, which he had brought from Sophia, and which he himself trained, he actually won the steeplechase at Nicossin in 1882. The cup which he here carried off was such a treasured trophy that it was seldom missing from his lordship's dinner-table in Calcutta, Cairo or London.

Lord Kitchener was not a society man, and disliked ballroom antics, looking as uncomfortable there as he did on a horse. I believe the Press did not forget to dilate on his dancing, which perforce he had to indulge in when opening a State ball.

Recalling an incident of a similar situation, it is said that a high cleric, when visiting Sandringham, was commanded by the Queen to open a servants' ball. The parson's son was an eye-witness. Knowing his father's dislike to such unaccustomed frivolities, he remarked to a friend: "Just look at dad, he must be in awful agony. No doubt he wishes he was in his old pulpit." To which the friend replied: "Surely his dancing can't be worse than his preaching."

Lord Kitchener, indeed, was not an outdoor sportsman, as billiards was his chief recreation. Sir George Arthur says he cared nothing for racing but a great deal for horses, though he could not ride them. He was well aware of this, as were those of his friends who stood round him when he paid a visit to Elkington in Waterloo Place to inspect the model the artist had made for the proposed Calcutta memorial. When uncovered, the model certainly appeared a pretty piece of work. It showed the Field-Marshal on a horse prancing on his hind legs, with his hocks low to the ground; his neck and head were well arched and his front legs pawed the air. On looking at the model for a second, the Field-Marshal said: "No, no! Not on a horse like that!" He at once referred to the well-known painting by Lady Butler of the officer coming down the line in *The Roll Call.* He added: "I want to be put on a quiet horse like Democrat, the one I rode as a charger in India."

The model of the statue was then reconstructed and a portrait of Democrat obtained from Clarence Hailey of Newmarket.

Democrat was a great two-year-old. He was a good performer on our race-courses, winning for Lord William Beresford eleven races, including the Ascot Coventry Stakes, Hurst Park Foal

Stakes, National Breeders Stakes (Sandown), Doncaster Champagne Stakes, Rous Memorial (Newmarket), and the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates at Newmarket. Democrat in all the above races was ridden by Tod Sloan.

When the great statue of Lord Kitchener was completed he was not quite pleased with the depiction of his style in the saddle.

At the time of the sad calamity in which K. of K. and his A.D.C., Captain Fitzgerald, met their end, I recollect that some person, seeking an appropriate epitaph, sent the following suggestion to *The Times*. As I have never seen the same since in print, I reproduce it here:

In Memory of

VISCOUNT KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Born June 24th 1850

Died June 5th 1916

"AND SAY TO ALL THE WORLD,
THAT WAS A MAN."

The happy sun said he will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our Navy see,
And I alone must see him rise again in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me,
Yet like an English General will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave,
Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea's a tomb that opens for the brave.

DRYDEN.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum on "Democrat"

In referring to great generals of the past and present as horsemen, it is well known that Napoleon was a most indifferent rider, and it is said he had all his chargers tested for their nerve and complacency by means of pigs. If they could not stand the compulsory squealings and antics of a pig they were not passed as suitable chargers for the great Napoleon.

Again, the Duke of Wellington was a very poor horseman. He had no hesitation in telling stories against himself, and in describing the falls he sustained. The Duke of Wellington was also inclined to be blunt and uncompromising in his dispatches. During the Peninsular Campaign he became sadly short of staff officers; the authorities at home, in sending one to join his staff, enclosed a letter saying: "We are sending you a man with brains." "Damn your man with brains," was Wellington's reply; "I want a man with guts!"

Biographers of this great man are inclined to comment on what might be called a cold-blooded, unsympathetic nature. They said Wellington could be roused from sleep, sign the warrant of death for a man and in two minutes be sound asleep again.

The story, too, of the Quartermaster in General Picton's brigade, as given in dispatches, is an example of iron discipline on the battle-field.

This Quartermaster had received orders to procure rations of all sorts for the brigade. This he found to be almost impossible. On telling General Picton of his difficulties, the General said: "If the rations are not forthcoming by a certain time I will have you shot." Away went the Quartermaster to Wellington, saying that General Picton declared he would have him shot if rations were not forthcoming, to which Wellington replied: "I know General Picton to be a man of his word. My advice to you is to have the rations there." And they were.

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF A GREAT DUEL

IT happened the other day that I had an opportunity of seeing a shield which held, amongst other relics of old times, the rapier alleged to have been used by the then Duke of Hamilton in the famous duel with Lord Mohun. The former and his predecessors up to about the year 1850 had been possessors of Ashton Hall, in Cheshire, and it is interesting to note that the park in which the house stood must have been a fairly good training ground, although not of the velvety nature of the Wiltshire and Berkshire Downs as in the years 1786–1787–1788. The Duke respectively then won the St Leger with the following—viz. Paragon, a bay colt (by Paymaster out of Calash); Spadille, a bay colt (by Highflyer out of Flora), and Young Flora, an own sister to the last-named, all bred by his lordship, who also won the race in 1792 with Tartar by Florizel out of Ruth by Eclipse. All these four winners, it may also be noted, were ridden by John Mangle, and only once since has the St Leger been won three years in succession—

viz. in 1827, 1828 and 1829, with Matilda by Comus, The Colonel by Whisker, and Rowton by Oiseau, owned by Mr Petre, who had previously also succeeded in 1822 with Theodore by Woful.

However, to this famous and most sanguinary duel which took place in Hyde Park and which is linked with a wealth of romance. Henry VIII. was the monarch who, having vested it from the Westminster Abbots, ran a fence round the Park which embraced about six hundred acres, and was used for many years by royalty as a hunting ground and game preserve. However, Cromwell's Parliament, requiring State funds, sold it for £19,000, but with the Restoration came also the restoration of the Park to the nation, but with a curtailment of the extent by two hundred acres. The name Rotten Row is merely a corruption of Route de Roi; it originally formed the route followed by royalty from Westminster to the royal forests, and no commoners were admitted, with the exception of the Duke of St Albans. It may, too, not be generally known that the present holder of the title has every year to drive once down the row to maintain his privilege as Hereditary Grand Falconer.

Near to the Receiving House of the Royal Humane Society, on the north side of the Serpentine, is the Field of Blood, so called because

it was selected as the place for many bloody duels common at that period. Typical of these was the savage encounter between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, fought near Prince's Lodge in Hyde Park, London, on 15th November 1712. Both combatants were fatally wounded. The seconds were Colonel Hamilton and General M'Cartney, who also fought.

BALLAD OF DUKE HAMILTON

Duke Hamilton was as fine a Lord,
Fal lal de ral de re O,
As ever Scotland could afford,
Fal lal de ral de re O,
For personal valour few there were
Could with his Grace the Duke compare;
How he was murdered you shall hear,
Fal lal de ral de re O.

Lord Mohun and he fell out of late,
Fal, etc.,
About some trifles of the State;
Fal, etc.,
So high the words between them rose,
As very soon it turned to blows,
How it will end, there's nobody knows,
Fal, etc.

Lord Mohun, who never man could face,
Fal, etc.,
Unless in some dark and private place,
Fal, etc. (*twice*)
He sent a challenge unto his Grace,
Fal, etc.

Betimes in the morning his Grace arose,
Fal, etc.,
And straight to Colonel Hamilton goes;
Fal, etc.,
Your company, Sir, I must importune,
Betimes in the morning and very soon,
To meet General M'Cartney and Lord Mohun,
Fal, etc.

The Colonel replies, "I am your slave,
Fal, etc.,
To follow your Grace unto the grave,"
Fal, etc.,
Then they took coach without delay,
And to Hyde Park by break of day,
Oh! there began the bloody fray,
Fal, etc.,

No sooner out of coach they light,
Fal, etc.,
But Mohun and M'Cartney came in sight,
Fal, etc. (*twice*)
Oh! then began the bloody fight,
Fal, etc.

Then bespoke the wain Lord Mohun,
Fal, etc.,
I think your Grace is here full soon,
Fal, etc.,
I wish your Grace would put it bye,
Since blood for blood for vengeance cry,
And loath I am this day to die,
Fal, etc.

Then bespoke the Duke his Grace,
Fal, etc.,
Saying go find out a proper place,
Fal, etc.,

My Lord to me the challenge you sent,
To see it out is my intent,
Till my last drop of blood be spent,
Fal, etc.

Then these heroes' swords were drawn,
Fal, etc.,
And so lustily they both fell on,
Fal, etc.,
Duke Hamilton thrust with all his might,
Unto Lord Mohun thro' his body quite,
And sent him to eternal night,
Fal, etc.

By this time his Grace had got a wound,
Fal, etc.,
Then on the grass as he sat down,
Fal, etc.,
Base M'Cartney, as we find
Cowardly as he was inclined,
Stabbed his Grace the Duke behind.
Fal, etc.

This done the traitor ran away,
Fal, etc.,
And was not heard of for many a day,
Fal, etc.,
In Christian land, let's hear no more,
Of duelling and human gore,
The story's told, I say no more,
But fal lal de ral de re O.

Recently I referred to an old sporting magazine and learned that the Duke was unlucky in not establishing a clear record of four consecutive victories of the St Leger, as, following his third

victory in 1788 with Young Flora, referred to above, his black colt by Laurel out of Mourpout by Marske (also ridden by Mangle) came in first, but was disqualified for "jostling" and the race awarded to Lord Fitzwilliam's Pewett. Again, following the disqualification, it has been pointed out to me that in 1790 Lord Hamilton finished second to Mr Goodricke's Ambidexter with a bay colt, brother to Restless (Mangle). In 1791 he had no starter, and Tartar, as before said, won the next year. His lordship therefore in all was successful in four Legers, was disqualified once, and second once, all in seven years. To that splendid record it may be added that when Paragon won in 1786 it was the first occasion Lord Hamilton ever had a representative in the race.

CHAPTER V

HUNTING

NO one will cavil at the suggestion that hunting and all that that term implies has had a vast influence in moulding the character of the British race, and in keeping alive the hereditary instincts of our ancestors, however remote, who had to hunt in order to live.

It is interesting to comment on the love of sport that is innate in most British-born people. It is specially to be observed in the upper classes, probably because they are more or less associated with a country life and have maintained a purer strain of heredity from the feudal lords and landed gentry of the past. It is this strain or breed of the population that is an influential factor in sustaining the physical and moral stability of the British race. People bred for a few generations under the conditions incidental to large communities and towns inevitably deteriorate. One of the best means of promoting health physically and morally is to encourage sport by every possible means. Yet there are many people who would put down hunting as cruel, racing as

immoral, football and boxing as brutal, etc. It is not easy to analyse the mentality of such creatures, but racing enthusiasts and those who go in for the chase should be on the alert to combat any symptom whatever of the spread of such a mania. There are probably not one half of the number of hounds in the country at the present time compared with pre-war days, and as it takes a lifetime to breed a pack of hounds, it will be many years before the most fashionable hunts, where large numbers of hounds are kept, can reach their former excellence. There are, I suppose, in every hunt anti-sport individuals, such as poultry breeders, who air their views in some of the more Radical papers, and these are not slow to take such matters up, referring, it may be, to hunting as "a classy sport," and so on. It is evident that if a hunt cannot meet its liabilities for damages to fences and stock it will automatically come to an end.

In this year of grace 1921, when the war is over, it is wonderful to consider that hunting has survived the terrible years of devastation in lives and money, and no small credit is due to the ladies who assisted in carrying on the sport of kings. Strange to say, there has been little shrinkage in the list of hunting establishments. There are still going fairly strong about a

hundred and seventy packs of foxhounds in England and Wales; Ireland can boast of twenty-four or twenty-five, and Scotland ten. In face of such conditions the existence of these hunts should be accepted as a monument to the determination of the British nation to maintain their cherished privileges.

Hunting and point-to-point racing have been for many years associated one with the other, and eventually it has come to pass that the arrangements made by individual hunts for point-to-point races have had to be referred to the Master of Hounds Association, which has drawn the National Hunt Committee into the net of discussion. It seems that some Masters of Hounds wished to be empowered with authority to punish fraud or malpractices, which are alleged to be not uncommon. My view is that the Master of Hounds Association is *de trop*. Hunting becomes each year more and more a matter of money. If a man establishes a hunt with, of course, the consent and goodwill of the landowners and farmers, it is his business and his alone. If the members and people connected with that hunt wish to hold what are called point-to-point races, there is no reason why they should not do so without consulting anyone. I do not see, if the conditions of each race run are properly

drawn up, that there can be any opportunity for fraud; if any such practices are detected, the Master and Committee surely do not require outside authority to punish the evil-doer. I believe the prospects of hunting for the future would be brighter than they are if there had been no interference by associations. The very fact of there being a sort of higher tribunal to appeal to has encouraged discontented farmers and the anti-sport fraternity to ventilate many supposed grievances.

Many books have been written on the science of hunting hounds. No theoretical knowledge can ever teach a man how to handle a pack of hounds, or even dogs of any sort, unless he is born with the intuition indispensable to the job. Hence the pinnacle of glory attained by some notable huntsmen, and the adverse and almost contemptuous criticism passed on those who fail. Of those great huntsmen the late Tom Firr stands foremost. It is said that he had such extraordinary control over his hounds, such a far-reaching yet melodious voice, that he did not require the assistance of whippers-in. Hounds had such confidence that they would fly to his cheer or his view-holloa. Professional huntsmen are generally credited with superior skill in handling hounds, but many gentlemen have tackled the job

Photograph P. H. Adams.

BADGER DIG

HARRY HOUGHTON, QUORN RUNNER, IS SEEN AT LEFT HAND BOTTOM CORNER

with great success. Of those of recent times the names of Lord Lonsdale and Captain F. Forester will probably rank amongst the highest for all the attributes that go to make a first-class huntsman—namely, horsemanship with ability to gallop over a country, added to an intimate knowledge of hounds and their management.

The photograph facing p. 84 shows the venerable Harry Houghton, now well over the seventies, and some of his terriers. For upwards of forty years he officiated as earth stopper to the Quorn Hounds. What he does not know about foxes and badgers is not worth knowing. Until comparatively recent years the complete natural history of the badger was in doubt; but Mr Houghton, some years ago, kept a badger sow in captivity as a pet. Eleven months after her capture she gave birth to two cubs; this fact proves that the badger in captivity has the faculty of retarding gestation, the natural period being nothing like eleven months.

Harry has had an enormous number of terriers through his hands, and is of opinion that only a small percentage of pedigree or bench-bred terriers turn out well. When put to the work required for foxes and badgers, that class of dog is apt to be neurotic, crazy and impetuous, seldom learning caution and method from experi-

ence, and getting so severely punished that he becomes cunning and unreliable. This fact leads me to suggest that all dogs of the terrier class, after two years of age, should have a certificate of working capabilities in the field before being shown on the bench.

It is only in comparatively recent years that two practices have come into vogue which seriously militate against fox-hunting — viz. draining the land and the use of artificial manures. With regard to the former, the greater portion of the midland counties, forming some of the best cattle and sheep grazing in England, had until about the eighties remained in the old condition in which farmers of previous generations had left it. However, a sequence of wet seasons set the scientific agriculturists to improve the stock-bearing capacities, so some parts of the country were drained. The experiment proved a success; other areas were similarly treated, and eventually the greater part of the midland counties was treated in the same manner. No doubt in a sequence of wet seasons this treatment of the land was beneficial; on the other hand, when two or three dry seasons followed one another it was proved that the stock-bearing capacity of these lands was reduced.

Scent may be a difficult subject to deal with,

but one thing is certain, that without plenty of moisture there will be but little of it—that is to say, not sufficient to enable hounds to pick it up if they are going at any pace. When it is suggested that sport has depreciated owing to the hounds not being up to the mark, it may be that there is no scent. Captain F. Forester says, that on an average, in the Quorn country, a really good scent can be recorded only two or three times in the season.

When a fox has been found, unless the hounds are smartly got together on to the line, and consequently in a position to press him at the start, the chances of killing him are small. Perhaps Captain F. Forester is the best exponent of this art. An artist will get his hounds together and away without loss of time. It is only to a man who loves his hounds and is beloved by them that they will run when they hear his cheer or holloa. On leaving cover a fox goes off at his best pace, possibly covering the ground at the rate of a mile in four minutes; that fact demonstrates how absolutely necessary it is that no time should be lost. In years gone by there were not nearly the same number of stock in the fields as there are at present, the use of artificial manures was unknown, and the fields were not so large; in fact, fox-hunting to-day

has so many disadvantages as compared with former years that it is not surprising that disparaging remarks are made about its present condition. A considerable number of fox-hunting folk seem to claim a privilege to talk always in a condemnatory way on a subject of which they probably know little.

Even in the wild and mountainous countries of Wales and the Scottish borders a certain amount of draining has been done, probably not to an extent sufficient to interfere with scent, but it has had a serious effect on the rivers and streams. They become flooded much more quickly than in former days and subside with equal rapidity; this affects the welfare of sporting fish, especially trout, disturbing the spawn before it has been fertilised and thereby lessening the future hatch of ova.

Dogs in remote ages were used by man merely to assist him in capturing his food. As time rolled on other methods were employed. Various weapons were contrived for killing game, and so it came to pass that dogs became less necessary for the capture of wild animals. At the present time sporting dogs are bred chiefly as an accessory to sport, but it is of deep interest to trace and follow the evolution of the species.

"Dog" was the name given to an animal

descended from the wolf or the jackal after he had become the assistant of man. In fact, there is no such thing as a wild original dog. His evolution was contrived by man. In European countries the process must have taken place tens of thousands of years after man had established himself. Thus it is that the origin of the dog is lost in obscurity. Probably the Chinese were the first people to discover the usefulness of animals in assisting them to capture wild animals for food; they were the first to utilise the hunting instincts of the wolf or the jackal.

The claims of the fox as a progenitor of the dog can be dismissed for several reasons. First, he is a nocturnal animal, endowed with the oblong eye and contracting lenticularly similar to the characteristics of the cat tribe. The fox is also of a solitary habitat and, so far as experience goes, almost impossible to train from a utility point of view. The only animals that can be really domesticated are those having gregarious or social instincts. Again, there is no authentic instance of a cross between a fox and a dog. Therefore it is too improbable to suggest that the fox was the dog's progenitor. The Cape hunting dog may be evolved from the cross of some semi-domestic dog that had become wild, and the hyena. In appearance he certainly takes

after the latter, and the physical relation of the sexes pertain more to the hyena than the dog. The wild dog of South America is unquestionably a cross between the wolf and some domestic or semi-domestic breed of dog which escaped into the wilds. The dingo of Australia is a pure dog, but a reversion to type, conspicuous in the unfailing stand-up ears of the wolf or the jackal. The wild dog of India is probably a direct descendant of the jackal, and the classification of him under "canidæ" is suggestive that at some remote period he was in a sense domesticated and utilised by the people of that time. Amongst the artistic productions of the cave men of the reindeer period there are no records of depictions of the dog. Some twenty thousand years later the Mycenacons (Mycenæ, at one time capital of Greece, and the birthplace of Mycenæan art) show the dog in the attitude of the flying gallop. It is said that that style was followed by artists of all nations, in depicting the horse galloping, right up to the time when instantaneous photography demonstrated the erroneousness, not to say the impossibility, of that particular pose. Thus it seems that only about five thousand years ago dogs were first mentioned in Europe as companions to mankind.

Countless ages must have passed in the evolu-

Photograph by H. Adam

LORD LONSDALE, M.F.H.

tion of the dog before breeds were specialised, probably by the Chinese. The foxhound, no doubt, was originally descended from a composite breed that showed adaptability for work in packs. England was the country in which to establish and improve the type, and in the modern foxhound we have a branch of the species that stands out by itself in canine history. No other breed can compare with him as regards courage, intelligence, stamina and tractability. The show bench in his case has helped to improve and continue points of conformation, very different from the effect the show ring has had on many breeds—viz. fox terriers and bull-dogs. Men who have to use a large number of terriers, such as earth stoppers and rat catchers, aver that bench-bred dogs are seldom of much use. Breeding to points alone without testing the characteristics of a breed will inevitably lead to its decadence. One of the chief attributes of the foxhound is his docility; without this attribute it would be well-nigh impossible to work hounds in a pack. What other established breed would stand the discipline and training necessary to bring him to concert pitch without losing his courage or his character?

One can imagine what the result would be of attempting to handle bull-dogs, retrievers or

pointers as a pack. The foxhound stands alone in his amenableness to discipline; he can stand the strain of rigid training without losing anything of his courage and eagerness. Offshoots from the true foxhound, such as the Welsh hound, fail as a pack. Either from timidity or sulkiness, they will not stand a "rating," nor will they attempt to thread their way through a field of horses when left behind in cover after a find.

It was somewhere in the seventeen-forties that hunting was seriously taken up and became part of our national life. As standards of excellence do not remain stationary, the question arises, Have hunting and all the matters connected with the sport gone back or progressed during the last two centuries? Some of the best authorities aver that the art of conditioning hounds has been lost; consequently, fewer foxes have been killed in the open than was the case five or six decades ago. Others contend that if the sport indicates a falling off in this respect it is due to the fields being too big and unwieldy, and the fact that there are too many foxes about. Whatever may be the true explanation, condition should be the chief object of a huntsman, although attention to minute details in other matters is absolutely necessary. Unless hounds are in the best of health and condition they can never catch good

foxes. It is only logic to presume that, with all the care and knowledge bestowed on the breeding and management of hounds, they should have improved in pace and general hunting ability. But the question is, Have they? In old hunting chronicles one reads of runs extending to twenty-five and thirty miles, or even more, when every hound would be at the kill, or when the fox was accounted for in some other way. Of course, everything depends on the time taken before we can judge whether these tremendous runs were good or otherwise, and possibly the old-time chronicler was not very accurate. Beckford says: "I never wish a chase to be less than one hour or to exceed two."

It is a curious fact that the fox of the present day is identical with his predecessor of a million years ago. He has not increased in stature or in any way changed his appearance or habitat. Foxes vary in size considerably according to locality, and may weigh anything from nine pounds to twenty. But it is not always the case that the big fox stands up longest before hounds.

Too many foxes inevitably spoil sport. Foxes that have survived their third year of existence are apt to become rather a nuisance. After being hunted a few times a fox becomes incredibly

cunning, and as a rule the last thing he will do is try his stamina by making a good point.

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In endeavouring to obtain reliable information as to the period when dogs of sorts were first put together and hunted as a pack, a deal of old sporting lore must be studied. Probably it was after a breed had been discovered amenable to discipline, and showing courage and scenting power, that the term "hound" was adopted.

About two hundred and fifty or three hundred years ago a hound that was known as the Talbot was acclaimed the best. He was used for hunting the wild boar and the wolf, and apparently had long drooping ears that "swept the morning dew," a great expansive head giving scope and power of brain, and extraordinary scenting gifts. It may be interesting to comment on the fact that, although folk on the Continent were the first to use dogs of all sorts to hunt as a pack, it was in England that they were brought to their present state of perfection. It is said that when British hounds are sent to other countries, even where climatic conditions are similar to those of our own, they deteriorate.

It is to England that all nations come when they want to improve their breed of horses, hounds, cattle and sheep. Time has so far separated the present type of hound from its ancestors that the original Talbot hound has altogether disappeared, as have the animals he hunted—namely, the wild boar and the wolf. In his place we have a type of hound adapted to the requirements of the present day—that is, a dog of much greater speed and possibly less size.

The family of Forester appears to have been identified with the sport of hunting from the year 1215, as it is recorded in that year that a Hugh Forester was appointed by King John as warden over certain royal lands and forests. The office of forester was much coveted by our ancestors, and it is possible that the name was selected and adopted by an ancestor of the present family who displayed the qualities of adventure and sport.

In Heraldry the definition of the Talbot is a dog with a turned-up tail, and the only member of the peerage who has the Talbot above the crown in the coat-of-arms is Lord Forester.

Talbot Passant (indicating movement) appears on the left, Wyvern on the right—an animal with wings like a bird and a tail like a serpent, mythical, but suggesting sporting proclivities. The motto is *Semper Eadem* (Always the same). Thus

the family follows the line of their ancestors in that they are interested in the pursuits of a country gentleman. The date 1821, when the Talbot appears on the arms, was long after the time that that particular breed of hound had proved himself the best of the period for practical use in hunting; he no doubt was the basis of the breed now known as the foxhound, with the evolution of which the famous Squire of Willey Park, Salop, had much to do.

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The original painting of Captain F. Forester on Christmas Daisy, by Mr Hayward Hardy, from which the photograph facing this page is taken, is, I venture to say, a very remarkable one. The extraordinary vividness of detail in the photograph pays abounding credit to the original.

It does not often happen that a horse of high-class merit as a racehorse settles down and proves a first-class hunter with perfect manners and is able to look after himself when galloping over a natural country. Christmas Daisy won the Cambridgeshire two years in succession; previous to this the Doveridge Handicap of 1000 sovereigns. He

Photograph, P. H. Ackroyd

CAPTAIN F. FORESTER ON CHRISTMAS DAISY

From the original painting by Heywood Hardy

was trained in the famous Druid's Lodge establishment, whose phenomenal successes were due chiefly to the wizardry of John Fallon, and the wonderful perspicuity of Mr W. B. Purefoy, known amongst a vast number of friends and admirers as "The Nut." He is a man with exceptional knowledge of horses, both as regards conformation and breeding. When Christmas Daisy achieved this dual success he was owned by Mr A. P. Cunliffe, agreed by all to have a wonderful intuition in placing horses. With such a combination of brains, the extraordinary success of that once famous establishment is not surprising. Christmas Daisy, be it noted, is a half-brother to Eremon, a high-class winner of the National.

Of the breeding of Christmas Daisy it may interest some of my readers to learn that he was the fourth foal of Daisy, 1905, and was got by Vitez by the Derby winner Melton (Master Kildare and Violet Melrose) out of Killawake (Sterling and Seagull). Daisy, his dam, was by Lord Gough by Gladiateur, Derby winner, out of Battagalia by Rataplan, her dam Carol being by the St Leger winner Ossian, out of Carnaby by Hubert or Theobald out of Vilna. Again, too, it may be forgotten by many that Christmas Daisy, like the majority of Daisy's colt foals, was unsexed, as will be seen by the last volume of the *Stud Book*.

Here, too, it will be seen that the first of the produce was Eremon by Thurles, winner of the Grand National. During Daisy's fifteen years at the stud she was barren on no fewer than eight occasions, twice when revisiting Vitez, by whom she had three other foals.

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The bitches on the right of the picture are Beeswing (from the Dartmoor kennels, adjudged to be a model of a foxhound), Guidance and Revenue.

The two hounds on the left are Rambler and Revel, the two moving on the left, Belvoir Gaylad and Venom.

Be hounds ever so fit, their pace will be influenced by the style of country over which they run. Those best qualified to judge agree that hounds run fastest in countries where the fields are large and have an abundance of grass, and where there are no fences of the banking sort. The best of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, comprising some of the Quorn and the Pytchley countries, is an example of a first-class hunting country, where if hounds run a man must go with a rattle at his

fences, and where hounds swing through or over obstacles. I fancy a modern twenty-five minutes' gallop with the Quorn would compare favourably in style and speed with a similar gallop of a century ago. These remarks refer to pre-war days.

Some very brilliant gallops were recorded during the mastership of Captain F. Forester, and as he hunted hounds in both England and Ireland his views concerning pace are worth listening to. During the period when he hunted the Limerick country some very excellent runs ending with blood are recorded. In his opinion, hounds do not run so fast in Ireland as in England, the reason being that in a banking country, with some comparatively small fields, hounds cannot swing over or through the obstacles as quickly as they are able to in most English counties. The foxes are not so stout, and do not as a rule run so straight; consequently, horses do not require to be up to the standard of the Leicestershire type. A well-bred cob or pony can live through a good hunt in Irish counties, but would soon be out of a real fast thing in the shires.

It may be interesting to comment on the different styles adopted in riding to hounds. Some men seem always to be in a hurry, doing all they can, while others appear to be going well within themselves: it is good odds on the latter getting to the end of a smart gallop a long way in front of the

hustler. A good start is a great factor. There is a huge difference between galloping with hounds and catching them. Some people aver that hounds can beat the best of horses; but that is not the view of those best qualified to give an opinion.

In some countries it is the custom for terriers to take part in the drawing of a covert early in the season; this practice is condemned as being apt to cause hounds to shirk their work, as they wait for the terriers to do the rough and tumble. Once a hound has learned such tricky habits, he will probably never lose them. On the other hand, where there are several cubs lying close, they might be missed altogether in the absence of terriers. Here there is something to be said on both sides.

It will be obvious to all who have studied human nature that the mind of the true sportsman is the sanest, cleanest and most akin to Nature and her laws of any type of mind. What title is more revered than that of "An English Gentleman"?—a term which conveys so many qualities and which is not far removed from the title of "An English Sportsman." The daily Press now and again invites discussion on knotty points; a much-favoured one is "The Best Definition of a Gentleman." It would require the pen of Thackeray to sum up all the qualities requisite to entitle a man to be called a gentleman. Whether satirically

Photograph: P. H. Adams

A Meet of Quorn Hounds at Kirby Gate

LEAF WITH HOUNDS. CAPTAIN F. FORESTER AND MISS FORESTER IN FOREGROUND.
MRS. FORESTER AND MR. HENRY FORESTER WITH MR. GARRET, STUD GROOM, ON RIGHT OF PICTURE

From the original painting by Heywood Hardy

or not, Thackeray styled George IV. the "First Gentleman of Europe"; and H.R.H. believed it to be true. In olden days, unless a man of the aristocracy displayed an aptitude for field sports and lived freely and well—unless he could take his share of wine and displayed a pretty taste for the fair sex—he hardly qualified for the term under discussion: and, no doubt, a man who took his liquor freely put himself to a severe test. The old saying, "*In vino veritas*," or, translated into English, "Drunk but still a gentleman," contains much truth. When a man is in drink he usually shows the worst or the best of his character and disposition. Many a man has lost his qualification to be called a gentleman by one night's debauch. The reason is, of course, when he has shaken his mental equilibrium he cannot dissemble, and the truth is out. Alcohol has very different effects on different subjects; some become cheery and exhilarated, others morose and quarrelsome. The gambler becomes reckless, the amorous individual offensive, but, be he a chimneysweep or a lord, the gentleman will never be offensive. Then the logic is: to find out whether a man is a gentleman or the reverse—make him drunk. In olden times no man was a gentleman who had not the spirit of adventure in him, whether in sport, war or love. There is no race on earth that does not pay homage

to courage. The men who made the greatest Empire the world has ever seen were those to whom danger and difficulties were the breath of life, and risky adventures a pastime. To fulfil one of the qualifications of a gentleman, a man must also be a sportsman. It will be a bad day for England when the instinct for sport, and especially for hunting, is a thing of the past.

I have read somewhere that in "no situation are the faculties of man more displayed, more real society observed, from the peer to the peasant, than in the hunting field." Then, again, the Rev. Mr Paley says: "I never met with any sportsman who could tell me in what the sport consisted, resolve it into principle and state that principle." Here you have an example of a man who has lost touch with nature and all connected with it.

Some parts of Ireland—*e.g.* the counties of Meath, Louth and Limerick—comprise a country second to none for carrying an average good scent for those following. The ground is never heavy, and most of it is light, springy turf. I cannot help recalling a great hunt in County Limerick, in the days when the Hon. Walter Nugent hunted the hounds, assisted by his brother Charlie.

How I came to participate in that great hunt is as follows.

I could not be at the meeting in the morning, owing to duty in barracks; but I did know that a certain cover, which I believe is known as the Black Hill, was to be drawn in the afternoon. I had taken the precaution to send a hunter on to a certain spot, on the south-west side of the hill. Just as I arrived at the spot, and when hounds were drawing, I spotted a fox slip over the bank on the south side; out of sight he was for a minute or two, when suddenly he topped the bank in the shelter of which I was lying "doggo." This was quite three hundred yards from the cover. Then I heard a great crash of music. Making up my mind that there was likely to be only one fox at home, I went off, following the line of this good fox, who, it may be said, was by no means a big one. My surmise as to the fox proved correct, as a glance over my shoulder showed the whole pack, carrying a great head, going for all they were worth in pursuit of myself and the fox. Very soon I pulled a bit to one side, and never did hounds settle down in more determined style to cover an eleven-mile point, almost without a check as far as I could judge.

For three miles or more, with never a moment's hesitation, the hounds ran almost mute, with a breast-high scent. I am inclined to think that

with such exceptional atmospheric conditions, and the scent lying a foot or two above the surface, hounds do not require to stoop to it; all their energy is concentrated on driving forward; there is no time to waste, no need to throw their tongue. About half-way in this good hunt came a most horrible-looking obstacle, the only one in the total distance, a Board of Works drain quite impossible to jump. Fortunately, the span of water at the bottom was only some five or six feet; by a stroke of luck, the shelving of the drain at the spot I came to was not quite perpendicular. I pressed the mare, and she slithered and slid to the bottom, making a lucky scramble across the water; I then slipped off her back, gave her a a touch with the crop, and a gallant scramble landed her on the top of the far side. By this time the hounds had drawn away quite three hundred yards, when fortunately the first check occurred, but it was of such short duration that before I got up to them they were off again. For the next three or four miles the hounds ran in the same relentless style, and the wonder was that they did not run into their fox. I was at this time most devoutly hoping that they would, as the mare I was riding was not in first-class fettle, and she was rapidly tiring.

Then hove in sight a domain, which proved to

be Springfield Castle, the seat of Lord Muskerry. I made sure a tired fox would make for the first possible haven of escape he had met since leaving cover, and although the hounds were not heading direct for the domain I made straight for it. But the last fence proved too much for the mare, who landed with a souse into the field. I ran on, on foot. As I was climbing over the domain fence I spied the run fox crawling along the bottom of a dry ditch. Meanwhile the hounds, now throwing their tongues well, swung round to the east side of the domain. I waited where I was, never doubting they would get on the line of their fox. As luck would have it, they pushed another on his legs, and the last I saw or heard was some two couple of tail hounds going to the faint cry of the pack, as they went out at the top end of the domain. Very shortly, up came Charlie, humble and crestfallen as he realised what the situation was. With a "By God, what blinking luck!" he went off on what turned out to be a hopeless pursuit of the hounds, as the majority of the pack were out all night.

One or two other riders shortly turned up: amongst them were Miss Gavin and Cecil Cliffe, a brother officer. Those that did get to the end of this great hunt had to leave their horses at the castle for the night. I never told Charlie

how I pinched a start, or how near I came to wrecking one of the best hunts on record in County Limerick.

The name of Cliffe recalls many sporting incidents. For many years it had been the custom of regiments quartered at Ballincolig, County Cork, to take over the hounds that hunted the county west and north of the barracks. The first year of our sojourn there, Captain F. Forester was Master and Huntsman. On his leaving the regiment the job was handed over to me, and my friend Cliffe was good enough to become my assistant in the field: most enthusiastic he proved, and very helpful. In a very closely fenced country, as that party of County Cork is, foxes are apt to run short and twisty; in fact, one expected such conduct; but there were a few outlying covers, so that if a fox took a right line the hounds would run over a country second to none. This did not happen often; so sometimes, instead of drawing a cover, we first tried to get the varmint on foot by sending three or four men into the cover for the purpose of making as much noise as possible. Meanwhile Cliffe would go well out in front, on rising ground if possible. After a signal from him, up I would bring the pack, hot foot on the line, and these tactics turned out successful several times. In order to scout like

that a man must have not only a good eye for the country, but extra quick sight.

My friend, after leaving the service, lived only a short time, dying from the result of a chill caught while hunting with the County Limerick hounds—then under the Mastership of Captain F. Forester. My friendship with Cecil Cliffe led to one with his brother, Mr A. L. Cliffe, of Bellevue, County Wexford, who was kind enough to be my "best man" when I married. My wife and I spent our honeymoon at Bellevue, Cliffe then being Master of the Wexford Hounds.

I recall an incident which I have not yet made up my mind whether I regret or not. It happened that the day of my wedding was the 21st December 1899, the month which saw the commencement of the Boer War. As I have stated, Mr Cliffe was my "best man," and claimed to be in personal charge till all functions of the ceremony were over. In the afternoon a wire arrived for me: "Will you take command of a squadron, Devon and Somerset Yeomanry? If so must join at once." This was from Colonel Richard R. W. Challoner, now Lord Guisborough. Cliffe, as my "best man," said: "I will reply to this. It is impossible for you to accept." I certainly was in doubt what to do, and my friend's assertive talking settled the matter, the

reply being: "I am sorry. I have married a wife therefore I cannot come." Lord Guisborough, should he ever read this causerie, may remember the incident. I believe his comment on receiving the reply was: "I did not know until now that Scott knew his Bible so well." I lay the soothing unction to my mind that I (as everyone did) believed the war would be ended in a matter of days. However, I made up for my want of patriotism by doing some remount work later.

I have already alluded to the great influence that ladies had in keeping fox-hunting a very live force during the war; and County Wexford was lucky in having as the wife of the Master, Captain Toby Lakyn, late 11th Hussars, a lady who managed to carry on somehow (a wonderful word, that) during the war. Everyone must remember, when the fleet of tanks sailed into action, the famous signal: "England expects every Tank to do its damnedest." Toby Lakyn was a very live member of that fleet, and report has it that he hoisted the signal. Whether that is true or not, I am unable to say.

County Wexford suffered more than any county in Ireland in losses from "killed" during the war; but they are made of good stuff in that county, and I have often heard the refrain:

"Ireland was ould Ireland, when England was a pup,
And Ireland will be Ireland yet, when England's beggared up."

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In the British Natural History Museum, London, there is to be seen a fox's skeleton reputed to be a million years old. This can be compared with one of the present day, and the strange fact is that they are identical. When we take into consideration the evolutionary process, not difficult to observe in domestic and semi-domestic animals and birds, as regards structural changes that take place even in the few years that the longest lived of human beings have the opportunity of observation, it appears strange that the fox should be one of the few species of the wild fauna of the world in which the process is apparently retarded.

It points to the suggestion that throughout this long period the fox has never been forced by circumstances to change his habits, and being of a solitary nature has never become sufficiently numerous (although his habitat is almost universal) to cause him to be hunted by other and stronger animals in quest of food, or by man, anxious to punish him for depredations

such as wolves commit. Thus he has been able to live the life of his ancestors for millions of years. Throughout the world there are several varieties, showing a difference from the British fox chiefly in size and colour; they all retain the cat-like attribute of the vertical contraction of the pupil of the eye when facing a strong light. Hence the fox is fitted by nature for night work. He is nocturnal in his habits. And in observing the British species it will be seen that apparently his great object in life is to see without being seen.

One thing is certain, no one who has ever attempted to tame and train foxes for domestic or semi-domestic use has succeeded in doing so, except to such a limited extent as hardly to be termed practical. This is not due to want of intelligence on the part of the animal, as he is extraordinarily cunning, but rather to the impossibility of overcoming instincts handed down for millions of years, and to the fact that his habits are nocturnal. Of all British wild animals the fox is the most wily, and that makes him the finest quarry, not only in England but in the world. His speed, staying power and cleverness in taking advantage of all conditions likely to foil the scent are remarkable. All these qualities increase his chance of escaping from the best

pack of hounds, and there is no sport in the world in which the suggestion of cruelty is more unwarranted.

There are plenty of faddists in this world who condemn as cruel all forms of sport, especially when dogs or hounds are employed. These folks merely parade their ignorance of nature. According to my views, the laws of Nature are remorseless in their process. Cruelty is a difficult word to define, because if there is cruelty in one animal hunting and destroying another, then all nature is cruel. So that those who condemn sport where dogs or hounds are used condemn the laws of Nature under which we all live.

Nature gives the lead in this cruelty. There are no living animals on earth that do not destroy life to supply their own. When young, immature things meet with an untimely end, the psychic and physical development is so undefined that probably neither pain nor the fear of death is strongly felt. In death they really suffer very little. Then again mature animals that are hunted until they are so fatigued they can go no further feel little or no pain when caught and killed because the extra rate of breathing gives the blood a preponderance of oxygen, and acts somewhat after the style of laughing gas. A mild form of asphyxiation takes place, by which the

senses are dulled to an appreciable extent. Anyone who has received a severe blow when the blood is circulating freely has noticed that the pain following the blow is considerably less than it would be were it received in cold blood. Thus it follows that whether Nature has arranged that such should be the case to lessen the pain and fear of destruction, or merely that it is a physiological accident, the effects are the same.

Cunning and intelligence are not very far removed from one another, but it is a high-class form of either that will make a fox when hunted go straight to where he knows another is kennelled, push him out, and coil himself up in the spot just vacated. That not infrequently happens. A fox that has been hunted a few times seems to acquire an uncanny knowledge regarding scent; on a bad-scenting day foxes will lie very close, trusting to be overlooked, and when afoot it is a difficult matter to get them to break cover. At full stretch a fox can cover the ground at an extraordinary pace for his size. This can be noted by the footprints when discernible in snow; they indicate a mode of progression somewhat different from most other fleet-footed animals. Thus, all the footmarks are at an equal distance the one from the other, and are in an exact line, identical with the prints of a galloping horse.

It is different with a hare, a rabbit and a dog. When a fox is going his best pace the movement is more of a run than a gallop; he keeps all the time curiously near the ground, whereby two objects are achieved—viz. economy of movement, and security from observation by using every bit of cover.

To keep animals in such captivity as destroys their happiness in life is, in my opinion, cruelty. When, however, they are kept as a means of instruction—as, for instance, in zoological collections—there is some excuse, some mitigation of the charge of cruelty. But if a wild animal is captured with a view to making a pet of it, every attention should be given to it, and the loss of its own kith and kin made good by the care and companionship of its captors. Only those people who have time to spare should attempt the training of wild animals. Only under such conditions can they be studied and become interesting as pets.

With reference to the photograph of John Gaunt with his terriers and a tame fox, Gaunt is now over seventy years of age, having lived nearly all his life in a trim little cottage, with a paddock or two attached for his dogs, foxes and poultry. The cottage lies just off the road from Ambergate to Belper. The attention of passers-by is invariably attracted by the beauty of the garden, the old man having for years taken First Prize for Cottage

Gardens. Below the cottage runs the Amber river, where, with the floating fly, he shows his skill to anyone who wants a lesson in the gentle art.

He holds the appointment of rat-catcher to the Midland Railway Company, and is one of the few people who can claim to have trained foxes to be of some economic use. The old man has had a great number of foxes through his hands, but only a few have turned out to be amenable to the training. They must have a sufficiently docile temperament, and in this respect they vary greatly. As rat-catchers in cellars and dark sheds, old John, however, affirms that they are a long, long way in front of the best of terriers. Their quickness in nabbing a rat is astonishing. They never shake a rat, and it appears to be their method in seizing it that puts it out of action instantly. The old man has to be handy in taking the rats from the fox, as their instinct is to hold them in the mouth.

Gaunt has known a fox to kill five rats and hold them all in his mouth at the same time. He has never managed to train a fox to lead satisfactorily on a chain in daylight; so he carries them in a sack, although in the dark he can manage with a lead. All his best foxes have shown a great liking for beer; and one of them would drink beer if it were offered him until he became drunk.

The two best foxes he has had both met with

Mr. John Gaunt

untimely ends, one being killed by dogs, whilst the other met a still more tragic fate. Once, when hunting rats at Bedford station, the catch of the lead to which the fox was attached got loose, and the fox, becoming alarmed at some strangers who were participating in the sport, went off. Some three weeks later a gamekeeper, when going his rounds about a mile from the old man's house, came across a fox and shot him. On picking up the body he discovered a collar, which he recognised, and be it said it was with great sorrow that he went and informed the old man of the affair. There is no doubt the fox was making his way back to his home and his master, and if that assumption is correct, it indicates a homing instinct that foxes are not generally credited with.

John Gaunt has kept terriers and foxes for over twenty-five years, and he has never succeeded in obtaining a litter of half-bred puppies or cubs, and gives it as his opinion that he never will.

I believe it is very seldom that wild animals of the same species engage in a fight to a finish, so I relate an incident that happened in Ireland. In a small cover, of about an acre in extent, two vixens lay up with cubs, one selecting a shallow earth under the roots of a tree, the other a mere excavation in the bank that formed a fence round the cover. Both litters arrived about the same time; then, apparently,

the vixens quarrelled, but neither would shift her cubs. When the cubs were able to play and run about, one was found dead. Later on another was found in the same condition, and this went on until the fourth and last cub of the litter was destroyed. The other vixen was then left in sole possession of the cover. The following year, early in February, the keeper when going his rounds one night heard a tremendous scuffle in the small cover. On visiting the place next morning he found a vixen lying dead, doubtless killed in a fight, and a good fight it must have been from the punishment the body showed. A post-mortem showed that the dead vixen would have shortly laid up to cub.

Foxes are said to be inordinately fond of fruit, their favourite being the blackberry. Although varieties of the fox are found in almost every part of the world, he must surely be natural to a cold region, otherwise why should Nature have provided him with such an equipment against cold? I do not know if the brush is a necessity for perfect health in a climate like that of Great Britain, but I do know that stumped-tailed foxes are apt to become subterranean dwellers, seldom found by hounds, and, when on foot, very difficult to catch.

There are men of the poacher class who deal in live foxes, and the most approved method of catch-

ing them is by means of dogs, or rather a single dog. The best cross is that between a greyhound and a collie, and he is all the better for a dash of bull-terrier blood in him. When a fox finds himself absolutely outmatched for speed he will lie down and make the best of the situation. These dogs are trained to race up to a fox and make him surrender without fighting; they stand guard till their masters come, when the quarry is quickly popped into a bag.

In the way of food very little comes amiss to foxes, if short of it he will feed on the carcass of a long-dead sheep. They are not provident, but will kill for the sake of killing; not so vixens, however, who are lying up with cubs. It is said with regard to the latter that they prefer to go far afield for their prey, rather than in their immediate neighbourhood. A vixen may catch and kill three or four rabbits and collect them in one place; before she proceeds to carry them off, she seizes them by the neck and throws them across her shoulders.

It is interesting to note that almost all wild animals have pricked or stand-up ears. It is obvious that this formation increases the sense of hearing, as they must be always on the alert, on the look-out either for enemies or food. The life of the wild is one of constant vigilance.

Nature permits of no luxurious mode of existence amongst the active inhabitants of the world. Of course, in the lower forms of life, such as turtles, tortoises, etc., a natural protection is provided, but surely at the expense of happiness and enjoyment.

Many interested in the remaining wild fauna of Great Britain take the view that before many decades are past fox-hunting and all that appertains to it will be up against a very serious antagonism.

In its favour are many beneficent results. One of such, and not the least, is that fox-hunting keeps alive the instinct of our forefathers in seeking an exciting and healthy recreation which promotes self-discipline and independence of character. It is almost an education for the soldier, for it develops his eye for the country, and gives him skill in horsemanship. In fact fox-hunting should be considered a national asset, bringing, as it does, millions of pounds sterling into the country, and promoting and developing the best qualities in man and horse.

The fox has qualities with which it is certain those of no other English wild animal can compare. Combined with cunning it possesses resource, and with speed and endurance it has audacity and intelligence of no mean order. It is probable that to these qualities must be at-

Photograph : Bassano

CAPT. A. L. CLIFFE, BELLEVUE, CO. WEXFORD.

FOR MANY YEARS MASTER OF WEXFORD HOUNDS

tributed the absence of evolutionary change noted in an earlier portion of this book. So well have they served their owner that Mother Nature has not found it necessary to introduce any noticeable change in the structure or habits of the little red rascal, in spite of such adverse factors as the increase of the human population, reclamation and enclosure of land, preservation of game, and the improvement in agriculture.

Once, at a meet of the Badsworth Hounds near Ackworth, a small spinney at the summit of the railway cutting was drawn — and drawn blank. A goodly company was present, and after this failure the hounds, followed by the field, moved off down an old lane which had a fallow field on its left. Their departure was watched by the writer, who was waiting for a train. Standing on a wall to obtain a better view, the writer noticed something in a furrow of the aforementioned fallow field distant less than two hundred yards. Said he to a railway porter standing near: "That looks remarkably like a fox coiled up in the furrow." The porter, after prolonged gazing, thought it was a labourer's jacket, but volunteered to go and see. He went down the adjoining hedge side, and arriving opposite the suspicious object shouted out: "It's th'owd varmint, reight enough." He threw a clod of earth,

and up jumped the fox and made straight for the spinney. We then formed in line with sticks in our hands to dispute his entry; but he came boldly on, and dodging between two of us grinned his defiance with upturned lips which showed a dental collection of enviable whiteness. He went to earth, which he was quite aware was unstopped.

CHAPTER VI

FISHING AND PHILOSOPHY

"AND though this discourse may be liable to some exceptions yet I cannot doubt but that most readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it as may make it worth the time of their persual, if they be not too grave or too busy men. Concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure, and if the cast prove too severe as I have a liberty, so I am resolved to use it and neglect all sour censures . . . yet the whole discourse is, a picture of my disposition, especially in such ways and times as I have laid aside business and gone a fishing."

Never was there written such a classic "Epistle to the Reader" as the above. It is a quotation from Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, and no apology do I offer for placing it at the head of this chapter. It may be that young folk who come after us may not be aware of the beauties of the writings of Walton until some of these be pointed out to them. At any rate, my humble endeavour is here to show that the pleasure to be

obtained from angling may be enormously enhanced by close observation of the beauties and mysteries of nature.

As for the art of angling being taught theoretically, although Walton's avowed object to instruct the "man that was none, to be an angler by the book," I doubt if his charming dialogues are of any practical value as lessons in the gentle art. He admits that angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learned. With this last theory every man will agree, not only as regards angling but in relation to most subjects. He will learn something new each day of his life. There is an enormous amount of literature on sports of all kinds, literature going into minute details, all interesting and to a point instructive; but, in my humble opinion, experience and practice, added to a natural instinct for sporting proclivities, are the only means of becoming proficient in any sport.

> Now is the time,
> While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
> To tempt the trout,
> But let not thy hook the tortured worm
> Convulsive twist in agonizing folds.
>
> (THOMSON: *The Seasons.*)

It is evident from these lines that Thomson was not a worm fisher. He implies that it is a doubly

cruel business, cruel to both worm and fish, as he continues :

> Which, by predaceous hunger swallowed deep
> Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
> Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
> Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

I believe it was Byron who characterised fishing as a solitary vice, and severely criticised Walton for upholding the use of live bait ; but apparently he had a poor opinion of all fishermen, as he says : "They may talk about beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish. He has no leisure to take his eyes off the streams, and a single bite is to him worth more than all the scenery around." As for cruelty, I suggest it is somewhat hypocritical to discuss the subject, for there is no sport in the nature of hunting in which there is not a spice of cruelty.

But the laws of Nature as regards living animals are not free from what we call cruelty. A cat with a mouse is an example. There is no species of living creature that does not in some way or other destroy life to support its own. Even sheep kill countless numbers of snails, etc., as they graze, and as no one knows to what degree a worm and a fish are capable of feeling, and some experts believe their sense of feeling is poor indeed, it is absurd to apply the term "cruelty" even to worm fishing.

No writer on fishing has described in more instructive or more beautiful language than Thomson, fishing with the wet fly. He says:

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game,
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hooks:

Then when he has hooked the "Monarch of the Brook"—

With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

I am at a loss to know why the fly fisher should look down on the man who fishes with worms. Concerning the latter, there is a great difference between the man who baits a pool and sits down to watch his float, and the man who fishes up-stream in clear low water. This class of fishing is probably more deadly than any other, but it requires just as much skill as angling with the fly; moreover, it is more strenuous, as, to be successful, wading is a

necessity, and the rod must be stiffer and longer, and of course heavier. And a man who has fished all day will become aware of the difference in using a rod a few ounces less in weight than another.

There is no doubt that fish, and especially trout, have the sense of smell well developed. When a pool is baited, fish are drawn from below upwards by the smell of the bait, and not by particles of whatever is being used coming in view of the fish as they are carried down-stream. A Nottingham bait fisher, one of the champions of his club, took such care that no scent of any kind should touch his bait when affixing it to the hook that he always carried a pair of very thin kid gloves. He used these if he had been smoking, or if his hands had touched tar, or any such smelly stuff used for fencing. I feel sure if a man attaches a fly to the gut when he is smoking, or just after having smoked, that the fly is likely to be tainted. This may possibly be the cause of trout coming short; when he comes sufficiently near the fly to appreciate the taint of the smoke, it causes him to turn away sharply, and leave the angler under the impression that he has had a rise.

In olden days, anyway, they believed in ointments for giving certain odours to the bait, such as solution of ivy, powdered bones from a corpse, etc., which were put in the bag holding the bait.

Coarse fish, such as the carp, and those whose habitat is in slow-running water, or ponds in tropic or semi-tropical countries, can readily be drawn to a high-smelling bait. During the Nile Expedition of 1884-1885, part of what was called the Desert Column—*i.e.* troops mounted on camels—after failing to reach Khartoum in time to save General Gordon, spent some months at Korti, on the Nile, and both officers and men had plenty of opportunity for trying their hands at catching fish. The best bait was pieces of flesh, no matter how far gone in corruption. Some curious creatures were captured, and said to be fairly good eating, although personally I never tasted a Nile fish.

It was the custom of several of us to strip in the camp, walk up the river three or four hundred yards, go into the water and swim back. On one occasion, just as we were about to enter the water, we spotted some two hundred yards farther up a huge crocodile, basking on a sandbank: so instead of indulging in a swim we ran back to camp, got rifles, and, securing the assistance of a couple of sergeants of reputed markmanship, went back to where the crocodile was. After some manœuvring we got within about eighty yards of him. Then, lying down, we took aim, and I believe it was Lord Belleu, then known as Buldoo, of the 10th Hussars, who gave the "one, two, three" and

"fire." The result of the volley was that the crocodile slid gently back into the water. A week after this exploit the carcass of an enormous crocodile was dragged ashore at Korti, some forty miles south of Dengola. He was eighteen feet in length, and the half of a full-grown donkey was found in his stomach. Major Vernon, an officer in the 6th Rifles, made a sketch of him. I believe eighteen feet to be nearly a record.

I also recall an incident which is worth relating although it has nothing to do with fishing. I had been sent down from Dengola to Korti to fetch up ammunition in one of the Nile craft, a rough sort of dahabeeyah. At Dengola the medical arrangements were not so good as they were at Korti, so on the return journey a sergeant of Engineers was put on board in order to get better treatment in the hospital at Korti. Athough not much time was occupied in sailing down, it took the old boat some three days to get back; consequently we had to moor up by the bank at night. The swarms of rats that came aboard from the shore were amazing; in fact so great that my batman and I had to remain below, taking our watch in turns, to ward off the rats that were endeavouring to attack the unfortunate sick man. He actually did get a few bites. Anyhow, when we arrived at Dengola, what with the stifling heat of the cabin by day, and the

rats at night, he expired a few hours after entering the hospital.

Fishing on the Suir, County Tipperary, some years ago I chanced to come on a man putting his rod together. He was "yoking up," as the old farmer, in whose premises we stalled our horses, explained to us. A stranger to me, I was rather astonished when he greeted me with: "If you are a true fisherman, you have achieved a triumph. You have succeeded in one of the greatest endeavours of life—obtained happiness." Such sentiments coming from a stranger, so different from the usual topics of weather, flies, etc., made it clear to me that I had come upon a philosopher. I took little notice of this strange meeting until I happened to read a pamphlet on *Fishing and Recreation* by Lord Grey of Falloden. In it I learn that there is more in sport than recreation: "sport is a philosophy of life." He emphasises the fact that the sport indulged in must be of such a nature as to cause undoubted happiness. Happiness has many definitions, and according to Hamilton it is the complement of all the pleasures of which we are susceptible. There are degrees of happiness, such as gladness, joy, etc. Thus triumph is joy, a sort of exaggerated mental feeling of pleasure, usually of a temporary nature. My view is that com-

plete and lasting happiness is quite unattainable, but that it is more nearly achieved in sport than in any profession, such as politics, arms, law or literature.

For instance, the ambitious man can never attain happiness. No matter how successful he may be, there is no limit to his endeavours; no matter how many successes he has won, he looks for more. Napoleon, the greatest man that ever lived, could never curb his insatiable ambition, which was part and parcel of his being, and, in the end, his undoing. No one can believe that Napoleon was a happy man. The doctrine of the Greek philosopher Aristippus was that happiness was, or should be, the chief object of man. I suggest that the only way to obtain even temporary happiness is to come in touch with nature, but Lord Grey implies that a feeling of content can be brought about by knowing that you have been a worthy citizen, that you have pursued a moral standard of action, and achieved happiness with family and friends. The late President Roosevelt, a friend of Lord Grey, says: "He is not fit to live who is not fit to die, and he is not fit to die who shrinks from the joy of life or from the duty of life."

To emphasise the fact that the love of sport is foremost in the inclinations of the British officer,

the following story is told. Long before 1914 the Germans had gone to Wei-hai-wei to see what fortifications had been put up by the new owners, what work had been done in the military zone, and whether the big guns had been mounted. They were warmly welcomed by a British officer, who pointed out proudly to them the only work his men had done was to make a cricket pitch. Yes, indeed, there is more in sport than recreation; it is a philosophy of life. Probably not many people give thought to the fact that what we call "sport" is the putting into action of an inclination to gain recreation and to break away from social habit, to taste again the pleasure of a healthy struggle with opponents, to come into touch with nature, to obey an instinct inherited countless ages ago from our ancestors.

Few people realise that primitive man was just as much interested in the problem of invention as the civilised population of the world at the present day. But the primitive man was most closely in touch with nature. The joy of his life was the hunt and the fight. I quote from *Sex and Society*, by William Thomas: "The man of science works at problems and uses his ingenuity in making an engine in the laboratory in the same way as primitive man used his mind in making a trap." The man who is successful in

all outdoor sports, such as hunting and fishing, must have the gift of "intuition," a difficult word to define, but perhaps "constructive imagination," or "a natural readiness in perception," comes near enough.

Intuition is a *sine qua non* in many matters besides sport. A professional medical man or a veterinary surgeon without the gift of intuition will be apt to make mistakes in diagnosing diseases; and this faculty, inherited from our primitive ancestors, is gradually becoming suppressed or inactive in the vast majority of mankind. Another definition of intuition is "a quick and comprehensive perception of a situation or of circumstances which must be acted on at once." Intuition, I venture to suggest, is the key which opens the door of success, provided that the situation, having been grasped, is followed up by action.

During the last thirty years the number of trout fishers has increased twentyfold and a very large number of fishing clubs have been instituted, with the result that the sport at present obtainable is nothing like so good as was formerly the case, except, of course, in private waters. Trout, it is said, have become educated and are shy of the artificial fly. Some people say that this shyness is the result of evolution—*i.e.* a breed of fish has been produced in which the instinct of caution

has been developed. That, I venture to say, is a wrong theory. It is more likely that the education has been brought about by over-fishing and the fact that so many fish are returned to the water because they are undersized. However, whatever may be the right theory, trout are undoubtedly more difficult to catch now than in years gone by. This has led to a vast amount of interesting literature on the various forms of fishing. Yet I suggest that to gain knowledge as the result of experience, supported by observation and intuition, is the only way to become an expert angler.

There are many perplexing problems that present themselves. For instance, why trout on certain days rise freely, but will not take either natural or artificial fly. Do fish "sport"? I think they do. I have watched one rising to every fly that passed over him without seizing a single one, but merely poking them with his nose. The performance of this particular trout is very different from what is termed "coming short"—a term which, I take it, implies that trout when rising like this are satiated and lazy. It may also be that when they make a closer inspection of the fly they discover it is not the one they are looking for, and what is supposed to be a rise is merely the trout breaking the water as he turns away dissatisfied. The true

fisherman is not out to catch fish and nothing else. He will be confronted continually with difficulties, such as a drag on the fly when casting across running water; another time he may have to switch the fly under an overhanging branch of a tree to throw the fly so that it may land on the far side of a stump or tussock beside which a trout is lying. All these obstacles go to make the sport of dry-fly fishing the best of all forms of angling. To watch for a rising trout, to "spot" the fly he is taking, is in itself a most interesting preliminary to the business of fishing; obstacles should only add to the determination to persevere. There is no finer school of patience and self-discipline than this, for it teaches one to make light of disappointments. Surely there is nothing like it to soothe a ruffled mind. To listen to the sound of running water imbues the man on the river bank with a feeling of peacefulness. Peace and happiness are inseparable. The song of birds, the hum of insects, all tell the tale of the joy of life. When the water is low and clear the fisherman must keep both eyes and ears open. He must be alert to catch each ripple of a rising trout, or the flop of one that has risen screened by the branch of a tree.

Books dealing with the art of angling have been written by many expert authors, and doubt-

less help many beginners to become successful fishermen. I have, however, known men who refused to try a difficult rise, for fear of losing a fly. It appears to me that there is no logic in fitting oneself out with an expensive rod and tackle and then to hesitate to cast or not to cast at all for fear of losing a threepenny fly. The practice and efficiency gained in casting under adverse conditions will sooner or later bring its own reward. Keeping out of sight and casting so that the movement of the rod may not be discernible to the fish are most essential points in the tactics of the dry-fly man. Again, he should never cease trying, and should go through every fly in his book, as long as the fish is rising. I will venture to say there are few anglers that are not lovers of nature, and thus it comes that the fisherman is not dependent on successful endeavours in order to spend a happy and, maybe, an instructive day on the river.

The water-vole is one of the commonest folk of the wild that he will meet on the river. It was not until the other day that I was aware that the common brown rat is an inveterate enemy of his. As I sat by the side of the Derbyshire Wye, not far from Bakewell, a vole seated himself on a stone close by. He stayed there some time, until a brown rat which had evidently just emerged from a hole

above, sprang to catch the vole, who was just a shade too quick, and slipped into the water with the rat after him, both swimming under the surface. On reaching the far side the vole ran along for a few yards, then dived back into the water, pursued by his enemy, came out of the water on my side, ran a few yards, and dived into the water a second time. As far as I could see, the brown rat was the faster swimmer of the two. The third time the vole entered the water the rat was almost up to him, and on reaching the far side he caught him. In the struggle they both fell back into the pool, and the rat was the first to come to the surface. The reason of that, I suppose, was because he was not able to stay under water so long as the vole, who apparently was not any the worse, as he made for the opposite side again. And so ended an unsuccessful attempt at murder.

Anyone who has closely watched a vole swimming will have noticed that his mouth opens and shuts with great rapidity, keeping time with his strokes. Noticing this, I came to the conclusion that the vole does this to keep his lungs full of air in case he has to take a hasty dive.

On another occasion, when fishing in one of the North Country rivers, I met a vole carrying a young one. Spotting me, she stopped only for a second and dropped the young one into a small pool left by

the receding flood. I picked the little thing up and placed it on a bunch of grass. On my return journey some hours later the little vole was still where I had placed it; this seemed to me to show a want of maternal care on the part of the mother.

Different from the behaviour of the vole was that of a stoat I once saw on the Wyly river. As I walked down-stream I saw a stoat swimming across some fifty yards lower down. On reaching a spot opposite, where she was about to land, she must have viewed me, because she turned and came tearing back, the light of battle glittering in her eyes. Coming out of the river a yard or so from where I stood, she made a spring which I warded off with the landing net. Then she turned and commenced nosing about in the grass, putting four young ones on their legs. In my endeavours to catch one, she charged again, and it was clear that if I was to capture a young one it would be over her dead body; so I merely followed and watched her herding her flock as a collie herds sheep. Soon they reached a hedge and disappeared. My friend on whose water I had leave to fish was a shooting man, and I did not tell him of the incident.

On another occasion I witnessed a fight between a common rat and a weasel. They had been fighting apparently in the long grass on the bank, for

when they rolled into view neither seemed to have a proper hold. However, when they disengaged, the rat raised himself on his hind legs and awaited the attack of the weasel. They then fought for about two minutes, after which the weasel made for the long grass, with the rat after him, so I was unable to see the end of a most interesting contest. I was, however, subsequently assured by a keeper that such fights between rats and weasels generally ended in favour of the former.

A curious incident with regard to a terrier and fox cubs was once described to me by Captain George Maher of Ballinkeen, County Wexford. Captain Maher was walking by the side of a river closely accompanied by a terrier. It was his custom to go to a certain place to watch four fox cubs, who had their earth on the opposite side of the river, playing with each other. To his astonishment he saw the terrier, who had crossed over, join in play with the cubs, and he assures me that, having broken the ice, so to speak, with the cubs, the dog paid regular visits to the earth. This terrier was famous for being a first-class worker when put to ground for foxes and badgers.

A friend of mine, Mr Montague Murphy, of Derby, related an interesting incident in connection with the brown rat. I give his incident in his own words :

"Fishing on the Derwent, I had taken a seat on the bank to dispose of my midday sandwich. Opposite me, about ten yards off in mid-stream, was a small island. Presently a brown rat appeared at my feet running along the strand; underneath its chin and clinging to its mother was a young one about ten days old. The mother apparently had hold of it by the breast with her teeth, while the little one clung round her neck and head. On reaching a spot exactly opposite the island, she slipped into the water, swimming across submerged, evidently to avoid being seen. Having gained the island, she disappeared for a few minutes among the grass and scrub; then she appeared again without her burden, and swam across, this time on the surface, to the spot where she had entered the water and went off in the direction whence she had come. When she reappeared, she had another young one. She repeated the performance three times. Some minutes after the third young one was safely across a full-sized stoat came loping along hot-foot on the tracks of the rat. He halted just where the rat had entered the water, sniffed about, and apparently satisfied that he had lost the scent of his intended meal, turned about and went back."

Until this incident was related to me I had no idea that the brown rat would remove its young

ones out of the way of danger. It is interesting to note that the young rats were able to accommodate themselves to the exigencies of the situation—firstly, during the submergence, and, secondly, in aiding the mother by clinging to her during the transportation.

CHAPTER VII

RACING

I

FROM my boyhood racing and steeplechasing have perhaps been the greatest of my many recreations. At any rate, during a period now extending well over half-a-century, it has been my pleasure and delight to observe the very many changes that have occurred in both branches of the sport, always with a true and keen interest in its welfare. Breeding and racing in my time have certainly not been marked with a lack of improvement. On the other hand, I think it must be generally admitted that both racing and steeplechasing were never more ably managed than they are in the present era. The recent war may be here mentioned as the best of tests. It is true that for the time being it shook the very foundation of horse breeding, as it did others of our great industries. The war over, however, mark the result: 1919 gave us a year of records not only in racing but in general history—the record of peace after a record war;

a record strike declared and ended in a week. It is worthy of notice also that the Government in Ireland issued an order prohibiting racing owing to the Coal Strike in England; but in spite of the order racing went on as usual. Then we had record crowds and record prices for yearlings. In spite of the alleged bankruptcy of the nation, more money has been circulated and more money spent on racing than ever before. In face of incredible difficulties in travelling and transport, the sport-loving Britisher managed to satisfy his unquenchable instinct. At a Manchester meeting the first race of a Victory New Year was won by a horse belonging to Mr Bottomley, and never on any race-course was an owner more heartily cheered. It was an acclamation of the extraordinary hold that the Editor of *John Bull* has over the British sporting public. There is no nation in the world that has such a love for horses and sport; no doubt this inherited instinct has had a great influence in forming the character of the race. Sporting men have made history as surely as seamen, soldiers, financiers and politicians. It is the sporting instinct that has made the British the pioneers of adventure, and has established their prestige for honourable and fair dealings with all the nations of the world.

II

Captain Machell

Three or four decades ago Captain Machell was regarded as one of the kings of the Turf. He brought the brains of an extraordinarily astute and observant man to concentrate on Racing in all its aspects. I remember his telling me that when at college he bought a horse for eight pounds. He then wrote to his father, informing him of the fact, and asking for money for the purchase of a saddle. His father's reply was:

"If you can buy a horse you can buy a saddle."

From that time he cut out his own line, and what between winning some matches with the eight-pound horse, and athletic events, he soon blossomed out into an owner of good horses, and eventually was enabled to repurchase family estates.

Captain Machell's idea of a horse that would prove useful over fences and hurdles was a speedy five-furlong animal. His argument was that with a short quick stride a horse comes at a fence collectedly, whereas a long-striding horse is apt to come unbalanced at his fences. This view was not borne out by Cloister, one of the best steeplechasers of all times, as he had an abnormally long stride and never steadied himself or

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CLOISTER

THE BEST STEEPLECHASE HORSE OF ALL TIME

Copyright: W. A. Rouch

TRACERY

A REMARKABLY SYMMETRICAL AND WELL BALANCED HORSE SOLD FOR A RECORD PRICE

shortened his stride when coming to a fence; in fact, sometimes he took off at an incredible distance from a fence. When this horse was being trained at Bishop Sutton by Mr Arthur Yates I rode him several times, and used to wonder how he would negotiate the Grand National course without a mistake. Cloister's hocks and knees were placed very low. His canon-bone was very short, and the distance from the hock to the pastern unusually so. This conformation seems to be adapted for carrying weight, but most high-class race-horses have the reverse conformation. This is well illustrated by observing the framing of the descendants of St Simon. This horse's hocks and knees were extraordinarily high placed and nearly all of his descendants exhibit the same tendency.

To give his full name, Captain James Octavius Machell was indeed an astute and an acknowledged authority on both racer and steeplechaser. His wonderful career started in the early sixties, and extended as far as 11th May 1902, when close upon five and sixty years of age. He died at Hastings, and a few days later fitly found his last place of rest at Newmarket, where his name is still green. He was notable in the history of the British Turf not so much for what he personally accomplished as for the shrewdness and ability he displayed in advising his many patrons.

It has long since been said that in the Derby of 1875 Galopin alone stopped King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, from participating in the sweets of a Blue Ribbon through more than an ordinary interest with Lord Aylesford as the nominator of Claremont. Again, in the Grand National the following season I have good reasons for saying that when Joseph Cannon victoriously wore Captain Machell's colours on the highly bred Regal, by Saunterer out of the Oaks heroine Regalia, H.R.H. had more than a finger in the result of that close and exciting contest, in which Regal beat Congress by a neck.

As the sporting world knows, Captain Machell preceded the success of Regal with two other victories by the aid of Disturbance and Reuguy, and as an army man was naturally very proud, subsequently to Regal, in seeing Lord Manners to the fore on the Bedford Cottage trained Seaman when the Guardsman just pipped that excellent amateur, Mr Tommy Beasley, a head on Cyrus. Throughout the Captain's great career there is plenty of evidence of his displaying quite as much keenness in steeplechasing as he showed in connection with the more important branch of our national pastime.

Unfortunately, he never had the good fortune to see his own colours to the fore in any of our classic events, although the results of such races testify to

the success of his efforts in astute management. Allusion is here made to such horses as Hermit, Petronel, Belphœbe, Pilgrimage, Seabreeze, Harvester, Kilwarlin and, last but not least, that triple crown winner Isinglass. Among his many great and influential patrons were Lord Chaplin, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Calthorpe, Sir Charles Legard, the third and fourth Earls of Lonsdale, Colonel Owen Williams, Captain Prime, Lord Hastings, Lord Gerard, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Strathnairn, Lord Aylesford, Mr C. J. Blake, Lord Rodney and Colonel Harry M'Calmont—all of whom, with the exception of Lord Chaplin, are, like the Captain himself, now in the Great Beyond.

The master of Bedford Cottage could never be accused of being fickle in his attitude towards his helpmates. His keen eye early rested upon Mr J. Mansell Richardson. First Joseph Cannon and then James Jewitt succeeded his earliest selection, G. Bloss, the recognised trainer of Hermit, who at the advice of the Captain was purchased at Middle Park for the then Squire of Blankney as a yearling for a thousand guineas. I have heard it said that Captain Machell also tried to obtain Marksman, the next lot to come 'neath Mr Tattersall's hammer to Hermit. Marksman, however, at a like price, was bought by Mr James Merry.

The winning of the Derby by Hermit brings out in full force the astuteness and resource of Captain Machell. The horse started at 66 to 1 by reason of his having burst a blood-vessel some three weeks prior to the race. With the exception of Captain Machell, all connected with the horse vowed it was impossible to get him fit and were striking him out. Not so the Captain. I well remember his telling me he could keep him going in sufficient work to get him fit, notwithstanding the possible chance of his breaking another blood-vessel. Accordingly Hermit did all his work on the western side of the Newmarket course; this gallop, going the reverse way, is down-hill. Here Hermit completed his preparation, doing mile work each day, and after every spin was walked back to the top of the hill. It is said that the Captain won upwards of £60,000.

I don't imagine that even the Captain's best friend would insinuate that he was a good horseman himself. When in the army he more than once aspired to military race riding honours, and succeeded in winning events at Aldershot and other places. His aspirations carried him so far as an effort to win the Grand Military Gold Cup in 1863 on a mare called Jealousy by The Cure out of Jewess, who had thrice run for the Liverpool Grand National, being once a winner, in 1861, when ridden

by Joe Kendall. It was about a week after Jealousy had been unplaced behind Emblem in 1863 that she carried Captain Machell in the Military Gold Cup, then decided over the old Rugby pastures. Thanks to the Editor of *The Field* I am able to give the appended interesting details of that contest:

GRAND MILITARY, RUGBY, 1863

GOLD CUP. Three miles

Capt. Park Yates' (1st Royal Dragoons) RIFLEMAN by Red Robin, 12 st. 10 lb., . . Capt. Riddell 1
Mr Justice's (55th Regt.) JEALOUSY, 13st. . Capt. Machell 2
Mr Featherstonehaugh's (13th Hussars), WINDSOR, 12 st. Owner 3
Mr T. S. Starkey's CANNIBAL, 12 st. . Mr Lawson 0
Major Wombwell's (12th Lancers) MY MARY, 12 st. Owner 0
Major Wombwell's (12th Lancers) EMILY, 12 st. Mr Stephenson 0
Capt. Fletcher's (12th Lancers) GLEN AROS, 6 yr., 12 st. Mr Steele 0
Mr Delacour's (11th Hussars) REDWINGA, 13 st. Capt. Tempest 0
Mr Dakin's (Carbineers) TUKERMAN, 12 st. Owner 0
Mr Dakin's (Carbineers) FRANK, 12 st. 10 lb. Capt. A. Smith 0
Capt. Coale's (Carbineers) DOUBTFUL, 12 st. Capt. W. Peel 0
Mr Higgin's (13th Hussars) THE NABOB, 12 st. 10 lb. Owner 0
Mr John Stone's (Grenadier Guards) HAZARD, 12 st. 5 lb. Owner 0
Capt. Blundell's (Rifle Brigade) ELSHAM, 12 st. Owner 0

The confidence the Jealousy connections displayed in the mare's chance caused her to start a hot favourite at 5 to 4. Cannibal and Windsor were second in demand at 6 to 1 each; Frank was backed at "seven," and 10 to 1 freely offered on others. *The Field* tells that this Gold Cup was not one of the Captain's happiest sporting days. At the fall of the flag Jealousy settled down with a clear lead. On passing the stand the first time the Captain, in order to avoid the deep furrow, took a line a little too high up the side of the hill. This brought him upon the strongest part of the fence and Jealousy refusing lost fully twenty lengths. Hazard and Inkerman were away in front, and it was not until the brook was reached that the righted Jealousy took close order with the leaders. Both Emily and My Mary fell. To cut the story short, there was a long tail when Jealousy and Rifleman came to the last fence, from which an exciting struggle ensued. The Captain was first over, but Jealousy was unable to hold her own up the winning field hill and eventually lost by three lengths. Windsor was a bad third, Elsham fourth, Hazard fifth, Cannibal sixth. *The Field* in consolation says that Jealousy, but for the refusal and the ground she had to make up, ought undoubtedly to have brought off perhaps the first of Captain Machell's many subsequently planned coups.

The Captain, however, did not long remain in the army. He was in the 55th Foot, and I have heard it said that this early resignation was due to a refusal of leave to witness a race for the St Leger. However, the subsequent knowledge he gained in Ireland of racing and steeplechasing added greatly to his early sporting instincts, although when later he entered Newmarket with a single horse called Boniface, by Claret out of Mona, that he had brought with him from the Sister Isle, and which won him his first race at headquarters, few could have anticipated the great career that was to follow. He certainly did not turn out the adventurer some of his early critics anticipated at the outset. His always popular white and dark blue cap was as early as 1863 registered at Old Burlington Street, and there remained until his death in 1902, when the colours were transferred to the name of Mr J. Mamsell Richardson, always a great and favourite sportsman, who till his demise never ceased to sing the praises of the Captain.

Mr Richardson was one of those undergraduates at Cambridge who used to spend such pleasant week-ends at Bedford Cottage, and there "The Cat," as J. M. R. was so often alluded to by his intimates, learned many of his finishing riding touches; in fact, in later years Mr Richardson

oft declared that, whatever race-riding delight he gained in the Liverpool Grand National, first on Disturbance and the next year on Reuguy, on the last afternoon at Epsom, in 1872, when Fordham won the Oaks for Mr Lefevre on Reine, that mount the Captain gave him on Lord Lonsdale's Bickerstaffe in the Welter, where amateurs and professionals were opposed to each other on the old Bibury lines, made him equally as proud as either of those Liverpool victories, as he found himself well round Tattenham Corner, and in the straight, holding in safe-keeping sixteen opponents, the best of which proved to be his Majesty's now trainer, Richard Marsh, who divided him from that prince of Corinthians, the late Mr William Bevill. Bickerstaffe won by half-a-length, and besides Marsh, who I think was one of Captain Machell's earliest helpmates at Newmarket, other professionals Mr Richardson then had against him were Custance, Tom Cannon, J. Morris, R. Wyatt, Parry, and Jem Goater, all noted jockeys of that period. Again, curiously enough, a recent peep of that Bickerstaffe's race, there is the reminder that my old friend Mr Arthur Yates was among the other amateurs who rode in that six-furlong Oaks Day Welter contest. That, I am told, was not Mr Richardson's first sweets of victorious riding on the Surrey Downs, for in the spring of the

same year on similar lines he had had a more comfortable ride on Lincoln and beat Tom French on the favourite Douglas a couple of lengths.

Most people find what may be termed a melancholy satisfaction in recalling the pleasures of the past. There is still a fair number of military men who at some time or other were quartered at Aldershot; those of them who aspired to win steeplechases of sorts found their way sooner or later to Bishop Sutton. As a school for military riders and chasers, Mr Arthur Yates' establishment had no equal. Not only was he guide, philosopher and friend, but a man of such personality that he did not fail to influence those of whom he saw much. He discountenanced betting; a coup engineered by the Bishop Sutton stable was a thing unheard of. Sport was the keynote applied to the entire business.

It was in the early eighties, when my regiment was quartered at Aldershot, that I made a most useful and pleasureable acquaintance with Arthur Yates, who first saw daylight in the year 1841. He is still hale and hearty, and if retired from the sport he so long and honourably followed, yet keeps up his favourite hobby—viz. collecting and studying birds and beasts of every description. When I was last at Bishop Sutton I discovered

that his interest in horses and training was being supplanted by his zoological collection. His good health and longevity are due not only to the great moderation in his manner of living but also to the never-dying interest he takes in animals.

I can recall the open house he kept for the officers at Aldershot in the days when first we met. Everyone was welcome, whether he was an owner or merely a friend of one. There is the old adage, "That which is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh," and that applies to Mr Yates and his love of steeplechasing. His father had shares with Mr Elmore in Lottery, the winner of the First Grand National, 1839, and he can remember how when a small boy he was taken down to Neasdon by his father and saw Jem Mason ride the old gelding over the luncheon-table, spread with viands, on the lawn. Singularly enough, although he rode the winner of 460 races, he never succeeded in riding the winner of the Grand National or National Hunt Steeplechase. In training he was successful in the former with Cloister, and as a trainer also took great honours in preparing no fewer than four winners of the Grand Military Gold Cup. The first three of these were in succession. The four winners were Scorn and Standard respectively ridden by Mr

Mr. Arthur Yates

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Barton and Mr T. Hone, the property of Captain Childs, and Dalesman, belonging to Captain Fisher, owner up to 1885–86–87, and lastly Mr H. L. Powell's The Midshipmite, with Major Burn Murdoch in the saddle. All these were won at Sandown, with the exception of Scorn, his race being run at Aylesbury, when Mr Barton defeated Roddy Owen by a head in the smallest field—namely, three runners—on record for the race.

So numerous are the officers and others who benefited by Arthur Yates' tuition and counsel in the sport that to give the names of all would fill a book; but those I well remember include Captain Childs, Colonel Fisher, General Broadwood, Lord Binning, Mr Hanbury, Colonel Reggie Howe and Major Hughes Onslow. Of all the horses that passed through Arthur Yates' hands, he says Defence was certainly the best horse he ever rode, Harvester the best he ever owned, and Cloister the best he ever trained. But there were two chasers whose names will always remain green in the memory of Bishop Sutton: the one bears the name, as Mr Yates is always pleased to call him, of Dear old Crawler, and lies buried on the lawn alongside Harvester; the other was Harold, the horse that after a fall at the water at Croydon was caught and remounted by the aid of his tail, thereby not only bringing Mr

Yates home a gallant winner, but raising a poet, who promptly sent the following to the plucky owner. It is oft quoted, but is worthy of repetition :

> In racing reports it is oft-time said
> A jockey has cleverly won by a head,
> But Yates has performed, when all other arts fail,
> A more wonderful feat, for he won by a *tail*.

Anent Harvester, a son of Stockwell-Gretna, this horse ran unplaced in the Two Thousand Guineas the year that Formosa and Moslem ran their famous dead-heat. Mr Yates thinks he would have won the Grand National in 1872, Cassa Tete's year, had he not been interfered with and cut into. The race that year was attended by more than the usual number of casualties.

Mr Yates' all-blue colours were often in evidence, especially at South Country meetings ; indeed he was so frequently seen in the saddle that to the uninitiated he was like a circus artist, a fact that did not escape the observation of Queen Alexandra, who was heard to say that "the butcher boy seems to have a ride in every race." That remark caught the ear of King Edward. When Arthur was invited to spend a week-end at Sandringham, the King, it is said, introduced him to his consort as follows : "Let me present Mr Arthur Yates, the butcher boy about whom you have often asked."

As before stated, Mr Arthur Yates' total of winning mounts stands at 460, of which 67 proved his best year, 54 being won in England and 13 on the Continent—a great record of a great Englishman.

CHAPTER VIII

CONFORMATION

THE following discussion of the race-horse, especially with regard to the purchasing of him as a yearling, is not meant for the man who has by experience and observation acquired expert knowledge; but there are, it is to be hoped, many of the rising generation who will keep the game going, and these may perhaps derive some satisfaction and perhaps instruction in reading what follows.

First of all it is proved beyond all doubt that animals that have gone successfully through the mill — *i.e.* the test of the race-course, which quickly sifts the good from the bad—are those most likely themselves to beget good performers. The test of the race-course is one of the factors that has made the British thoroughbred the foremost breed in the world. Thus, in scanning a pedigree, we look for a line of good-class winners, especially on the side of the sire. Many a controversy has been indulged in as to which is the most potent in transmitting its qualities to the next generation —the sire or the dam—and there is no doubt facts

point to the sire. They even suggest that the progeny of first-class mares are disappointing if mated with inferior-class stallions. The stock bred from winners is more likely to turn out well than that bred from failures, however fashionably bred the latter may be.

There are several reasons for failure—inability to gallop fast enough, or to stay, unsoundness and lack of nervous force—which may show itself in various forms. As these failings are hereditary, it follows that in time the line of failures eventually gets left in the background.

The placing of the knees and hocks with reference to race-horses is a point which invites argument.

Take St Simon, a horse which many people now alive had the opportunity of seeing. He stood with knees and hocks unusually high, and that trait is marked in many of his descendants. Some experts on equine excellence maintain that St Simon as a race-horse never had his equal; certainly he was never beaten. Comparisons of horses running at different periods, although very interesting, can never be very satisfactory. The capabilities of race-horses in general ought to progress with all the increased care and knowledge bestowed on their breeding and training. Thus it is probable that St Simon would have met his match in later

days, but at the time of his performances he was the best up to date.

The horse with low set-on hocks—*i.e.* with a long tibia—is analogous to the long, leggy man, the length between the latter's heel and his knee representing that between the stifle and hock of a horse. Long-limbed men have not as a rule the same staying power as shorter-legged men. Whether this comparison between horses and men is of any value or not, the fact remains that some of the most brilliant race-horses have stood with hocks and knees well off the ground. For speed only there is no doubt that such a conformation is good, but from the point of general utility, weight-carrying, etc., the argument is not so easy to prove, as many first-class steeplechase horses and weight-carrying hunters have had knees and hocks low set on.

Some members of the antelope tribe, more especially the hartebeest, have terrific speed for a short distance. Their hocks and knees are extraordinarily high. The speed of the Hartebeest is much greater than that of a greyhound, and the speed of both a greyhound and a horse for a hundred yards is nearly the same—viz. about four and a quarter seconds.

In looking over a prospective purchase there are so many essential points to be noted that in making

a categorical sequence it must not be inferred that one is more important that another. The old axiom, "It is the weak link in the chain that gauges the strength of the whole," must be borne in mind, and to find that link must be the object of the purchaser.

It may often happen that the first inspection may be in the auction yard. It is obvious, then, that no opportunity will be afforded of seeing the colt or filly except on the lead, walking, or, at the best, at a slow trot. No satisfactory opinion can be formed as to the action.

It has been proved that the action of a yearling when playing or galloping about is no certain indication of what the animal may eventually turn out to be, as best movers when at play not infrequently become the worst race-horses. Nevertheless a good deal can be inferred from the general movement, carriage and expression; the points to look for are good balance, power and courage.

A small head, comparatively, without good expression is never the attribute of a good horse, no matter how taking the general conformation may appear. The greater the width between the eyes, and the greater the depth and space between the jaws, the better. The latter formation is one of the most essential points. The setting on of the head is of little less importance; if it joins the neck

in such a way as to cause discomfort to the animal when the breaking tackle is put on, the result will be unsatisfactory. A bad mouth and general unhandiness are serious defects when it comes to racing.

Symmetry—*i.e.* a due proportion of the several parts of the body to each other—or the want of it, will be apparent to the eye almost at the first glance. Without symmetry, of course, a horse can be of no value for racing. It requires no artist to discriminate between a well-made and well-balanced animal and one that is not. Then, again, it is interesting to observe what are the well-marked points that enable one horse to go faster than another.

An oblique shoulder, going well into the back, with forelegs set well forward and straight, describes what is known as a good forehand. This conformation is absolutely necessary to enable a horse to stay—that is, he will when tired still be able to gallop almost automatically without shortening his stride.

The term "staying" is almost paradoxical. For instance, a horse that tires before he has accomplished five furlongs at racing speed may, if set to go a mile, beat the horse that has conquered him at five furlongs. If the skeletons of these two horses were measured it would be found that the winner

at a mile was the better shouldered horse of the two. The knees should be in proportion to the body and the bone (known as the piscis) at the back should stand out prominently. It is to this bone that muscles and tendons are what may be termed hinged, and if there is not sufficient room for them to work with ease, the effect is that a horse tires quickly or breaks down.

Other points to be especially noted are, first, the ribs should be strong and well sprung—*i.e.* they should give no suggestion of being flat; also lengthy quarters are just as necessary as a lengthy forehand, and the tail set on high rather than low. Most important, however, are the hocks. Whether placed high or low, they must be strong and have good width. It is from these joints that the propelling power is derived, and bent or faulty hocks condemn almost any kind of horse. It is essential that the bone be carried down straight and level from the hock to the pastern joint. I have heard American judges specify the need of a prominent stifle as giving extra leverage. As the whole weight of a horse is carried on the pastern joints and feet, it is obvious that, without strength in the former and correct shape in the latter, the most perfect conformation in other respects would be of no use.

The pasterns of horses appear to differ considerably, but in first-class horses they are never on the

long side. In fact, long pasterns are detrimental to balance and speed.

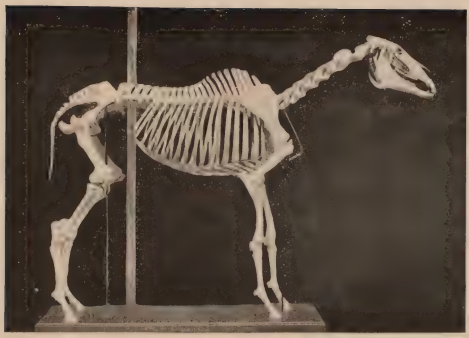
By kind permission of Sir Theodore Cook, (Isaac Bickerstaffe of *The Field*) this very interesting article is reproduced from that newspaper, where it appeared on 25th December 1920.

When on the subject of conformation, I have endeavoured to prove that for purposes of speed only (*i.e.* not general utility) a short tibia, and a long femur, giving the appearance of high-placed hocks and knees, which is an attribute of the Galopin line of horses is demonstrated in studying the skeletons of Eclipse and Persimmon.

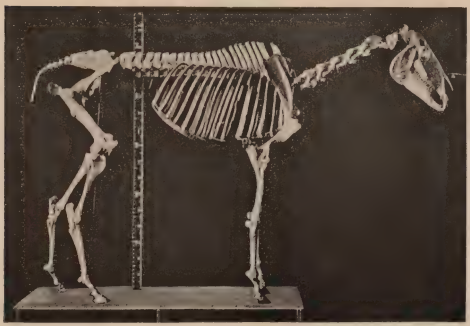
Eclipse and Persimmon

"The appearance of the skeleton of Eclipse beside that of Persimmon in the British Museum (Natural History) in the Cromwell Road suggests some interesting facts and a few valuable comparisons.

"Taking the statistics from the first race up to 1906, all the Derby winners, with four exceptions, traced to Eclipse, Herod, or Matchem, and two out of these four traced to the sire and grandsire of Eclipse respectively. Eclipse's descendants also comprised in Donovan and Isinglass, the two horses that had won most money in stakes; in Stockwell and St Simon, the two most valuable



PERSIMMON SKELETON



ECLIPSE SKELETON

A Study in conformation

Reproduced by permission from Sir Theodore Cook's article in "The Field"

sires; in Flying Fox, the race-horse sold at the highest price at public auction; and in Sceptre, the only yearling that had ever cost £10,000. The record times for the Two Thousand (1902), Derby (1906), and St Leger (1906) were also among the achievements which Eclipse blood could claim; and there is small wonder that it has slowly been established as the best, not in this country alone, but in Europe, the United States and elsewhere.

"An exact comparison between the skeletons of Eclipse and Persimmon ought to produce certain facts of value to the trained biologist, if he can only be induced to make it. The difficulty in this, as in so many kindred matters, is that the man of science rarely appreciates exactly what the horse-breeder wants to know, and the man who writes with knowledge about racing is too often completely ignorant of the essential elements of science. The mere fact, already mentioned, that this comparison, when completed, will be actually the first of its kind is significant enough. The most enlightened and broad-minded of modern celebrities might legitimately object to our digging up his great-great-grandfather in order to compare that ancestral framework with his own; nor would the operation lead to much even when the problems involved were merely physical; but inasmuch as the brain is

by far the most important factor in human development the difficulties of the investigation would be almost insurmountable. Among animals, the case of Eclipse and Persimmon is, as far as I am aware, unique, though records of the breeding of some of the Brocklesby hounds can be authenticated for as far back as 1746; greyhounds will soon have pedigrees that will be almost as valuable to our descendants; and John Millais, son of the famous artist, collected some very valuable facts on the breeding of dogs before his death. But parallel companions such as those reproduced in these pages have never been properly studied, and it may fervently be hoped that they will lead to results more valuable and permanent than I can as yet produce from them.

"Few would be likely to imagine my first difficulty, for it is at once too simple to believe, and too fundamental to neglect. It is this. No accurate system for the scientific measurement of bones has yet been devised, and I shall be forgiven for expressing my confidence that this extraordinary hiatus in research has only to be mentioned to be promptly filled. A bone has an irregular though a beautiful and intelligible outline. In the case of a horse's fore and hind legs, with which we are at present chiefly concerned, some bones have projections at one end and depressions at the other.

It will not do to place a bone of this kind on a sheet of glass between perpendiculars and measure the distance from one perpendicular to the other; yet if you choose one projecting point as your point of departure, your scientific friend is certain to choose another, and his scientific friend may be confidently betted on to choose a third; and if none of your friends are strictly scientific the differences will be even more marked. After taking counsel from the best biological authority now living, I am inclined to recommend that when a cup exists at one end of a bone, the deepest point in the depression should be chosen; and when bosses exist, as in a ball joint, the highest point of the ball should be selected. The length of the bone will then be the imaginary line running from one of these points to the other, whether that line leaves the actual margin of the bone at any point in its length or not. It also seems preferable to take the canon-bone (in both fore and hind legs) as the unit or standard of comparison for the length of the other bones. Vial de Saint Bel took the 22 in. of the head of Eclipse as his standard of measurement for the whole body; but, as we are not told how he took his measurements, we really get no further.

"It must, however, be borne in mind that nothing can be affirmed with regard to such points as the

inclination of the shoulder-blade or scapula to the upper arm-bone, or humerus, or with respect to the relative position occupied by the latter bone in the living animal, unless casts of the relative positions of these bones were taken on the carcass. The relative position of the humerus in Persimmon can, of course, be more nearly described than in the case of Eclipse, though the wonderful measured drawing from which Stubbs did all his pictures must be a remarkably faithful likeness of the older stallion. In the matter of height, it is again undoubted in the more modern animal, and has probably been faithfully preserved in the setting up of the skeleton; but in Eclipse there are elements of uncertainty. His height, when alive, is nowhere accurately stated, and as his feet were foundered before death, we probably have his skeleton looking lower than it was in life. In spite of this, it is certain that he must have been at least a hand less tall than Persimmon, and in view of this it is significant that the relative sizes of their limbs show far less difference than might have been expected. Persimmon's skeleton stands a trifle over sixteen hands high. Eclipse's is an inch over fifteen hands.

"With the reservations already explained, the following measurements may prove interesting:—

	Persimmon (1893)	Stockwell (1819)	Eclipse (1764)
Scapula . . .	15¾	15¼	15
Humerus . . .	13⅞	13½	14
Radius . . .	15	15	15
Fore-canon . .	10⅜	10½	10
Femur . . .	18¾	17	18
Tibia . . .	14¾	15	15½
Hind-canon . .	12¼	12½	12½
"Knee" to ground .	17⅝	17	15½

"As regards the relative proportions of the limb-bones, it will be apparent from the table that the length of the lower arm-bone, or radius, is the same in all three skeletons, while there is also very little difference in the length of the corresponding bone in the hind limb, or tibia. On the other hand, it will be noticed that the proportionate length of the humerus to the scapula in Persimmon is normal, or practically the same as in Hermit, as recorded on page 157 of *Eclipse and O'Kelly*. The difference in the lengths of these bones in Eclipse is much less pronounced, and in Ormonde they are stated to be nearly equal. Stockwell occupies a somewhat intermediate position in this respect between Persimmon and Eclipse.

"The most remarkable feature in Persimmon's skeleton is the great length of the thigh-bone, or femur, as compared with that of the lower leg-bone, or tibia, the difference between the two

being no less than 4 in., whereas in Eclipse it is only 2½ in., and in Stockwell 2 in. A long femur is a valuable feature in connection with speed, enabling a horse to tuck his legs well under and increase his stride. The cases of Eclipse and, more especially, of Stockwell indicate, however, that it is not an absolutely essential feature in connection with speed. Possibly, in the case of Eclipse the shorter distance of the middle of the knee from the ground, which is believed to be indicative of greater speed as compared with Persimmon, may have compensated for the shortness of the femur. In Stockwell the distance from the knee to the ground is nearly as great as in Persimmon, but this may be largely due to the articulator.

"As regards the number of ribs and the comparative shortness of the ribless interval, very little difference is apparent between Persimmon and Eclipse: and much the same seems to be the case, so far as can be judged by comparison of the photograph of the latter, with regard to the relative breadth of barrel. Touchstone's skeleton shows an extra rib, but whether it contributed to his pace or not, I cannot say. He certainly threw his legs very wide behind when galloping, and it will be remembered that a greyhound's hind legs considerably overlap his fore

legs at full speed, both being off the ground at once. This points to the conclusion that a long femur ending in a low, well-developed and muscular stifle-joint, turned well outwards, as in Bendigo, is a speedy conformation. Some of the greyhound's pace is also attributed to the joint which corresponds to the horse's knee being near the ground, and that is one reason why short canon-bones are often noticed to accompany high form in a thoroughbred. The lengths of the radio-ulnar bone (in the fore leg) and of the tibia (in the hind leg) are therefore important when compared with the fore and hind canon-bones; and I am now inclined to think that the comparisons instituted by Sir John Hills between the scapula and humerus are not so valuable, because the scapula is embedded in a mass of muscle and cannot either move or influence movement to the extent shown by a bone more freely situated. It is, however, true, as Sir John Hills pointed out, that the relative length of the humerus to the scapula increases in certain animals in proportion to their speed, and in the swiftest animal of all, the lynx, it is much longer. In horses it is usually shorter, and the fact that it is the same length as the scapula in Ormonde may be one explanation of that horse's pace. If the humerus is not only long, but also as nearly perpendicular as possible, to give a swing like a

pendulum, it is also more likely to produce a speedy action.

"As to height, Admiral Rous's generalisation that horses have increased an inch every twenty-five years since the eighteenth century will stand the test of experience and research; and it remains to be seen whether the further prophecy of Captain Hayes, that the limit height is 16·3, will prove to be correct. All we know now is that small horses usually last a distance better than big ones; that most of the flyers for a mile have been big ones, with plenty of heart room; and that, other things being equal, a good big one will beat a good little one, as The Bard (15·1) found to his cost. It is also true that our fields nowadays run to a much greater average of height than they ever did when Sampson (15·2) was considered a giant by the connoisseurs of 1745. One hundred and fifty years afterwards Zinfandel was a whole hand taller, though his measurement round the leg, below the knee, was exactly the same as Sampson's.

"One feature in which the skeleton of Persimmon differs markedly from that of Eclipse is the much greater height of the spines of the vertebræ at the withers, of which the fifth dorsal forms the summit of an arch. The bow withers and high croup of Eclipse formed, in-

deed, one of the few unsatisfactory features of that horse.

"Finally, an interesting point arises in connection with the diseased condition of the left side of the pelvis and the left femur in Persimmon's skeleton, for if this necrosed condition had developed when the horse was three and a half years old it would account for his rather sudden falling off after his Derby. Although this is a question on which veterinary experts are alone capable of giving an opinion worth having, it may be permissible to mention that the severe character and large extent of the necrosis seems to indicate that the disease was of long standing previous to the accident which led to the death of the horse, and not a result of that accident.

"Indeed, when you consider that more is known about the performance and conformation of his ancestors than about any other animal, man included, the scarcity of accurate knowledge about the horse is surprising. His speed has most decidedly increased. Ascetic's Silver did the 4 miles 856 yards of the Grand National, with thirty fences, in 9 min. 34 2-5 sec. in 1906, a far greater pace than was ever shown for that distance over the flat a hundred years ago. At shorter courses the improvement is just as marked. In the Coronation Cup of 1905 Pretty Polly did the Derby

distance in 2 min. 33 4-5 sec., a wonderful performance. In 1900 Caiman did a mile in 1 min. 33 1-5 sec., and three horses in 1903 did five furlongs in 56 2-5 sec. None of the eighteenth-century cracks could touch these figures, and it is safe to say the great Eclipse himself never approached them, though it is unfortunately the fact that we have Colonel Andrew O'Kelly's word for it that he was never timed.

"If greater pace is the one thing we want, why have we not yet discovered the exact points of structure which seem likely to produce it, and done our best to breed them? The answer is twofold; it is first, because no standard system of bone-measurement has yet been accepted; and second, because we are still almost completely ignorant of what the results of any union will be. Even when a particular sire and dam produce a particularly successful winner, that winner's own brother may be worthless, and has several times been proved to be so. Age, therefore, and climate, and many subtle natural causes, seem to enter into this obscure calculation. We cannot even say exactly what we mean when we speak of an offspring (AB) being a 'blend' between two parents (A) and (B). Is the resultant AB composed of half A and half of B? If so, is it a chemical or a mechanical mixture? Is it only the visible qualities of A and B which

furnish the constituents of the blend, or does the union rouse to sudden activity those latent virtues inherited by A and B respectively from various more or less remote ancestors?

"But I have asked quite enough questions. The fact that most of them cannot yet be answered will be quite sufficient excuse for the reproduction of the photographs which accompany this article. If they stimulate the authorities of the great museum in the Cromwell Road to continue and complete the collection of equine celebrities which was so wisely begun and set in order for them, I shall be more than satisfied. The science of biology will benefit. The breeder will learn more about his business. The racing man will appreciate a little more about the beauty of the animal he loves. All that will be to the good; and a beginning may well be made with the authoritative creation and acceptance of a scientific standard of measurement for bones, and the collection in one place of at least four skeletons of the most famous thoroughbreds."

CHAPTER IX

MORE RACING

RACING may be said to be part and parcel of a soldier's life. Few are the officers in any branch of the service who have no taste in that direction, nor is it possible that too much encouragement can be given to it by all concerned.

A man who, by close observation of the horses in his own stables, either for hunting or for steeple-chasing, has gained a practical knowledge of them, will be more likely to take them through a campaign with a minimum of the sore backs and field ailments inseparable from campaigning than a man whose orders and regulations are his only guides. There is no recreation for keeping body and mind in health equal to that of riding or tending horses.

In 1887 the writer found himself at Mhow, Central India, an ideal station for a man fond of sport—a small garrison composed of one battery of artillery, one infantry battalion and one cavalry regiment. There was a good race-course on which prospective race-horses could be exercised and many were the trials which took place there. What drew the entire English society was a weekly

gymkhana. The course encircled the polo ground and was about three-quarters of a mile in circumference. Every week each man pulled out his horses or ponies for a race or two, and handicaps were so adjusted that every horse or pony, however poor, had a chance of winning in his turn. A race was instituted, but gradually died out for want of support, distance one and a quarter miles, to be ridden on numnahs,[1] and whilst in vogue it created much amusement, as falls were numerous.

Twice I had the good fortune to win it, both times on a pony, Prince Charlie by name. I paid £25 for him, and this price was considered to be most exorbitant, a contrast indeed to present-day prices, when good ponies cost as much in India as they do in this country. The height for polo ponies was then 13·2 hands; nowadays it is 14·2, an increase which, along with the fact that high-class ponies are difficult to get, places polo a little beyond the reach of a poor man.

My experience of racing in India was entirely with Arabs. A high-class Arab is one of the most beautiful animals in creation, one outstanding characteristic being the exquisitely shaped head, with an expression suggesting gentleness and courage, set on the neck with perfect symmetry and grace. Nearly every thoroughbred horse has

[1] Numnah: a felt saddle-cloth without stirrups.

a similar setting on of the head; when scrutinising a yearling it is one of the most important points to look for. Without breadth across the forehead, depth and width of jaw, and wide nostrils typical of the Arab, a horse is not likely to turn out a good racer. This characteristic inherited by the thoroughbred horse from Arab ancestors appears to be less prevalent as the years go by. In India, where climatic and ground conditions are to be depended upon, great store is put on the time test, which no doubt under certain conditions is a reliable one.

I remember discussing the subject with the late General Beresford, father-in-law of Captain Harry Greer, now known to the racing world as the manager of the National Stud at Tully, County Kildare. The General, with a long and successful experience of Indian racing, was indeed a man to listen to. He was a great believer in running horses in blinkers. As a proof of satisfactory results, he used to declare it would frequently happen that a horse, say 14·2 hands, that could always be relied on to gallop half-a-mile in sixty seconds would be beaten by a bigger and longer-striding horse which, in his gallop against the clock, would take many seconds longer to compass the same distance. General Beresford's explanation of this was that by reason of the smaller horse galloping stride for stride, unconsciously lengthening it to

keep up with his opponent, he overreached his normal action and consequently got overtired. For this reason the General used to run his horses in blinkers. In this country when a horse wearing blinkers shows improved form, the improvement may be accounted for by this theory.

Some years ago, when hunting with the Cotswold, my mount was one belonging to the late Mr Bob Chapman, the famous Cheltenham horse-dealer. On this day, when the field was on one of the hills overlooking the town, a dense mist fell and became so thick that it was impossible to see the head of one's horse. There was nothing for it but to make our way home. General Beresford and I were together, and I remember saying: "This is one of Bob Chapman's horses—he is sure to know his way home." So when we started I left my mount to himself; the General, carefully guiding his horse, followed. After a rather uncomfortable descent I looked back, to find my friend was not there. Never doubting that he had found a better way than myself, I proceeded home. Next day we heard that the General's horse had fallen into a pit or quarry, with the result that the General had sustained a bad fracture of the leg. I was doubly distressed to hear this news, as it seemed to me that as he did not arrive at the bottom of the hill with me I ought to have gone in search of him.

Cheltenham appears to have always attracted fraternity of the best. Lindsay Gordon, well known in the Cotswold country before he left for Australia, did not forget to mention some of the ancients when he wrote his *By Flood and Field.* The district also bears the reputation of being the scene of his famous poem, *How we beat the Favourite.* In the latter you find mention of Stevens, none other than the record rider of five Grand National winners. In the verse I here quote from *Flood and Field,* Bob Chapman and Tom Oliver are mentioned among his celebrities:

I remember the lowering wintery morn,
And the mist on the Cotswold Hills,
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's horn,
Not far from the seven rills.
Jack Eskdale was there, and Hugh St Clair,
Bob Chapman and Andrew Kerr,
And big Ned Griffiths on Devil may Care,
And Black Tom Oliver.

Although Bob Chapman was one of the most successful dealers, he himself admitted that he was one of the worst judges. He never attempted to buy young or untried horses, and the late William Holman, father of the well-known Cheltonions bearing that name, did that part of the job for him. When he was on their backs, however, no man was a better judge than Chapman. He used to say some horses jump and some dive

over their fences. Personally, I cannot stand a "diver."

To be successful in horse-dealing a man, amongst other requisites, must have a large capital if he is trading on a big scale, and he must be able to give unlimited credit. On one occasion when I was having luncheon with Bob at his club he was called away. On returning, he showed me a £5000 cheque, saying: "That's about one-third of what is due from Mr ——."

I have remarked that Chapman was a bad judge of a horse till he was on its back. The opposite was the case, however, in regard to the late Mr James Daly of Liffey Bank, Dublin, a most successful Irish dealer. For the greater part of his life he never mounted a horse, but he was a wonderful judge "on the ground." At one time he had the great Cloister in his possession, and he used to say that a more careless and worse hack than Cloister could not be found. Even with a man on his back when going to exercise, there was another man to lead him until he got on the grass in Phœnix Park close by. I am no believer in the old maxim that a horse that walks well will gallop well. A friend of mine bred a horse called Barney III. who amongst other races won the Scottish Grand National. He was a brilliant hunter once you got him to the meet. So often had this horse

fallen on the road, three times cutting his knees, that his original owner sold him and he became the property of Mr Adam Scott. After the horse won at Ayr, Mr Scott declared he would win the National. He subsequently came to grief through slovenliness.

About the time of that visit to Cheltenham it was the custom to give a horse longer and more severe gallops than is done nowadays. I well remember seeing Jupiter Tonans, a Grand National candidate, do a seven-mile gallop. Jack Jones, the Epsom trainer, was another who believed in very strenuous work. I used often to go over to his stables and watch a horse called The Scot doing his 1884 National preparation; he would gallop from three to four miles almost every day. This horse started favourite, and was the first horse to carry the royal colours in the National. He was ridden by Jack Jones, the Prince of Wales' trainer, who although successful as a steeplechase jockey was not in my opinion a good horseman. He used to ride with his stirrups so long that he could only just reach them, and his legs were so straight that he gave one the idea he was clinging to the saddle. In consequence, he kept an upright position, equivalent to many pounds' increase of weight. It is possible materially to alter the form of a horse by girthing the saddle well back from the withers.

I think Fred Webb was the most graceful of flat-race riders I have ever seen, and the late Major Roddy Owen the best and most graceful amateur or professional who rode over fences. Speaking of Fred Webb, it may be remembered by some that once he had a mount in the Grand National; singularly enough, it was on the above-mentioned horse, The Scot, three years before Jack Jones failed to win on him in 1884. That year he fell, but he gave Webb a beautiful ride, and if memory serves me correctly he finished close up to Tommy Beasley on Woodbrook, Jewitt on Regal and Dick Marsh on Thornfield, who finished in the order named. The Scot, a high-bred horse and a top-priced yearling by Blair Athol out of Coimbra, was in 1881 the property of Mr J. B. Leigh.

It was at the end of 1879 that we embarked at Bombay for England. After a ten years' sojourn in India a regiment is apt to get a little rusty; so we went to Aldershot, the centre of military efficiency, to brush away the cobwebs of an easy time abroad. The steeplechase course at Aldershot, with plenty of gradients and well-constructed fences, was then a really good one on which to test a hunter. In those days at Balls Hill we finished in the bottom and not at the top, as is now the case. The alterations there were splendidly carried out and the terraces on the mount are much appreciated

by the soldiers and their friends. By the way, it was in the first or second year of the change that King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, won his first steeplechase. It was a very bad day for weather, but there was a large company, which included the Princess and the Duke of Connaught. The winner was the late Captain Wenty Hope Johnstone, who then wore the royal livery on Leonidas; it was an easy win, but matters might have been very much closer had Captain Annesley on Pixie not made a mistake at the water jump.

Recently the style of riding has changed. "Hands," however, must always remain one of the great factors in successful horsemanship. It is surprising what power can be brought to bear in handling a horse. Like successful generals, jockeys are born and not made. No doubt too much attention paid to sport, such as steeplechasing and hunting, by an officer, may lessen the interest he should take in military duties, but several of our most distinguished generals have given considerable promise as riders; among these I might mention Gough, Haig and Rawlinson. Lord Haig, I notice, is still enthusiastic; he was much interested at the last Grand Military Meeting. He showed considerable enthusiasm in his subaltern riding days and it may have been forgotten by many that at the 7th Hussars chases

at Aldershot in 1885 he certainly had a good day in the saddle, for on his own horse Cambus he was second to Tommy Hone on Ranger in the Subs Challenge Cup; third on Lampas to Lady Helen for the Regimental Challenge Cup; unplaced on Lampas in the Hussars Cup and later in the afternoon on Cambus succeeded in making a dead-heat of it with Mr Hone on The Scout in the Welter Cup and the stakes were divided. I wonder did he feel a bigger man that day, or on the day when he realised that the tide of battle had turned for the Allies.

Besides good hands a man must have good "nerve" to become a successful jockey, no matter whether it is on the flat or over jumps. I would define "good nerve" as that "will-power" which keeps the normal balance of the mind. I have heard of good jockeys who have thrown a race away, having been promised a large present in the case of success. I have known men who if they had, say, £50 on their mount became hopelessly nervous. There was one soldier jockey of his time who had a perfect nerve—Captain Percy Bewicke, late of the 15th Hussars. I have known him to have as much as £1000 on his mount and never turn a hair.

Myttons Maid was a useful soldier's animal I owned, as at two miles one could make pretty

sure of her winning against the class of horses in military races. After she was done for racing I gave her to Mr W. B. Purefoy. Her end was tragic. She was gored by a cow when in foal. Mr Purefoy said it was a good lesson for him, and since then he has never had horned cattle in the same field with horses.

On one occasion Myttons Maid was entered for a £200 hurdle race at Sandown. As I could not ride the weight, Billy Morris of the 7th Hussars accepted the mount; in a previous race in which he was riding, however, he came to grief and therefore could not ride her. The substitute engaged by his advice brought disaster. Myttons Maid had a ewe neck, and horses with that conformation never have good mouths. The rider's instructions were to let her go at her own pace and not to try and steady her. In the preliminary canter he did exactly what he was told not to do, with the result that she came to the hurdle with her head in the air and took such a bad fall, injuring her shoulder, that she was never much good again.

In 1882 I became attached to the 19th Hussars with the army that went under Wolseley to mete out retribution to the Khedive. I recall with pleasure that campaign in Egypt, 1882, and in the Sudan, 1884–1885, when hardships were almost nil.

In 1887 the regiment was sent to Ireland, headquarters at Cahir, with a squadron at Limerick, one of the finest hunting counties in the United Kingdom, and one where some great horses were bred. When I was there I managed to pick up some real good ones, of which one purchased at a fair for £40 stands out prominently. I named him Wellington. There was no pedigree to follow for nomenclature, but he had the look that Ascetic stamped on his stock and I expect that he was his sire. He was registered as my first charger, and I mention this fact as there was a regimental order that first chargers were not to be steeplechased. As he proved himself a good horse, having won point-to-point and regimental races, I hoped that no exception would be made to running him at Punchestown. Previous to that meeting the late Colonel Crichton had placed at our disposal his private steeplechase course at Mullaboden. Here we held our regimental races, where I was fortunate enough to win three events, Wellington winning two of them.

Having so far escaped censure from the C.O. for infringing his rule, I entered Wellington for the Irish Military steeplechase, three and three-quarter miles, worth £150, at Punchestown. A week before the races I was informed by the Adjutant that the Colonel had instructed him that

I would not be permitted to run the horse at Punchestown. It required all my persuasive powers to alter his decision and obtain permission. I was not yet out of the wood, however, as the day before the race an officers' ride (first chargers) was ordered, no exception to be granted. Wellington, I need not say, was not improved in steadiness after a few gallops on the Curragh. However, I managed to get through the ride.

The entries were eighteen in number for the Irish Military, and included at least two good horses—viz. Chivalry and a mare ridden by Captain Hughes Onslow (known as "Junks"), about the best of the soldier jockeys of the time. These two started first and second favourites, Wellington at sixes.

A new loop in the course had been made and the first fence was an upstanding bank. We started with our backs to the wall, and Wellington, a very headstrong animal when extended, soon put a lead of some lengths between him and the rest of the field; and without steadying himself one bit, took the bank in his stride. The course then turned rather sharply to the right, but before I could get a pull he was well past the turn, and I just managed to stop him by running into a big bullfinch fence. By the time I got back on the course the rest of the horses were at least 250 yards away, and I did not

get on terms with them again till they reached the double on the far side of the course. In jumping this I touched Hughes Onslow's mount on the quarters, with the result that she fell. The chief danger was out of the way, as I thought, but Chivalry, Captain Bald up, was still four or five lengths to the good. As we came to the wall his horse may have hesitated for a second, as we jumped it side by side; but from then on it was plain sailing, and I won by three lengths.

I weighed out all right, but my troubles were not yet over. Wellington had won a point-to-point race in County Kildare, and regulations then in force were that a certificate by the Master of Hounds, Major St Leger Moore, should be lodged to the effect that the races had taken place. This by some inadvertence had not been done, so an objection was lodged, but was fortunately overruled. The result was satisfactory to all who had supported my mount, but perhaps what gratified me more than anything was that shortly after the race I happened to meet the late Mr John Watson, who said: "I never heard a louder cheer at Punchestown."

As I consider this Punchestown successful ride the red-letter day in a long association with steeplechasing, I may be excused from here inserting the official return of that Irish Military.

KILDARE AND PUNCHESTOWN, 1895

Tuesday, 23rd April.—The Irish Military Hunters Plate of 150 Sovs. 3¾ Miles

Major Scott's Wellington, ped. unknown, 6 yrs., 11 st. 3 lb. . . . . Owner 1
Capt. F. E. Bald's Chivalry, 4 yrs., 11 st. 4 lb. Owner 2
Mr A. Kennedy's The Kitten, 5 yrs., 11 st. 4 lb. Owner 3
Capt. Barclay's Lady Alice, aged, 12 st. 9 lb. Capt. Hughes Onslow 0
Capt. Cole's Katherine, 6 yrs., 11 st. 13 lb. Owner 0
Major. B. Creagh's Silvermere, aged, 11 st. 13 lb. Owner 0
Major Fisher's Tramore, aged, 11 st. 13 lb. Mr Curzon 0
Capt. Fielder's Outlaw II., aged, 11 st. 13 lb. Owner 0
Mr R. K. Farrant's Lady Nell, aged, 11 st. 13 lb. Capt. Bidgood 0
Capt. Murray's Queen of Diamonds, 6 yrs., 12 st. Mr Elley 0
Mr T. Pitt's St George, 5 yrs., 11 st. 4 lb., carries 11 st. 8 lb. Owner 0
Mr G. Weldon's Honey, 6 yrs., 11 st. 13 lb. Owner 0
Mr F. H. Wise's Gamester, aged, 12 st. 9 lb. Owner 0

Betting 3 to 1 against Lady Alice; 5 to 1 against Chivalry; 6 to 1 against Wellington

Won by five lengths. Bad third

I believe most men can look back on some achievement consummated not by luck, but against it. I recall the case where Paddy Fowler's son pulled the match playing for Eton *v.* Harrow out of the fire by a display of nerve and batting that is a by-word at Eton to this day. I forget the score as it stood when young Fowler went in, but well over a hundred was required; these runs he put up with

extraordinary rapidity and nerve, and Eton won. I remember talking to his uncle, Captain F. Featherstonehaugh concerning this event, and he remarked: "If the boy lives to rise to the top of the tree in any profession he may take up he will never feel such a proud man as he was the day he pulled the match out of the fire for Eton."

In these days to obtain realisation of anything worthy of celebrity, money is essential. To acquire a Derby winner an outlay of considerable capital is necessary. Even with unlimited resources in that respect, how few achieve their ambition! One of the luckiest deals I have ever heard of was when the late Sir James Miller purchased Sainfoin from an owner in John Porter's stable. The late Colonel Gough, commanding the 14th Hussars, recounted to me how when holding office in the orderly room Sir James Miller showed him a telegram saying that he (Sir James) could have Sainfoin for £8000. "Of course you will have him," said the Colonel. "Right," said Sir James, and the deal was effected. John Porter never believed that the horse would win, but he did, and that fairly easily from Le Nord and Orwell. This was, I should think, the cheapest "ready to hand" Derby horse of modern times. Spearmint fetched only £300 as a yearling, but expert judges, when he was at that age, vowed that he would never stand training. This horse,

as we know, was trained by Mr Gilpin. Mr Gilpin purchased the pet colt Delaunay for something like £200 from Mr E. Kennedy, and recently Comrade, a Grand Prix de Paris winner, for £25.

Following the military steeplechase came the Kildare Hunt Cup, won by Sir Hugh, ridden by Mr D. M. G. Campbell of the 9th Lancers, who in the following year, 1896, rode the Soarer to victory in the Grand National for the present Lord Wavertree. It was Lord Wavertree who presented the country with Tully Stud Farm and inmates, incidentally initiating the first Government venture of the kind.

General Campbell distinguished himself as a cavalry leader in the late war, thus proving the value and importance of fox-hunting and steeplechasing in the training of an officer. It is not out of place to mention the names of several very successful cavalry officers in the late war—Generals French, Haig, Allenby, Gough and Horne. I believe that the late Lord Wolseley preferred infantry officers, and, when he could, gave preference to them in choosing his subordinates. This may account for the paucity of distinguished cavalry officers during the Wolseley era.

Looking back five and twenty years at that Punchestown Meeting, it is pleasing to note so many still in the land of the living. Besides the

already referred to General Campbell, there figured in the fighting line such turf celebrities of to-day as Captain Dewhurst, Mr Atty Persse, Mr J. Ferguson, Major Malcome Little of the amateurs, and Anthony, the rider of Ambush II. and trainer of Troytown in the Grand National.

I have been told that for sheer imperturbability under circumstances which to most people would be a terrific strain, Mr Robert Sievier takes the cake; he vies with the late Lord Hastings, who could lose tens of thousands of pounds with marvellous complacency.

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Mr Sievier's appeal from the Court decision in the late libel case reminds me of a story in which a man (a loser in an important law case), meeting his opponent, said: "I am not satisfied, and shall take you to the Court of Appeal." "I shall be there," was the reply. "If that does not do, I'll take you to the House of Lords." "I'll be there," reiterated the fellow. Exasperated, his opponent continued: "If that does not do, I'll take you to hell." "Very good," was the reply, "my lawyer will be there."

A well-managed stable will always pay, but to achieve success a very high class of intelligence must be brought to bear on the management. In the period from 1895–1912 the most successful stable was under the management of Mr W. B. Purefoy, at the Druid's Lodge; their successes were phenomenal and, as the Press had it, the mantle of Captain Machell as a racing engineer had fallen on the shoulders of Mr Purefoy. Among other winners were Hacklers Pride, Lally, Uninsured, Charles O'Malley, Christmas Daisy, Templemore, Ypsilanti, Ulster King, Tender and True, and last but not least Aboyeur, a batch of good fortune seldom equalled.

At the period when doping horses was not prohibited two American trainers gained great kudos. They improved the form of some horses in the most astonishing manner, and no doubt many English trainers also tried their hand in that direction. Mr Purefoy, however, always maintained that doping was more likely to do harm than good, to say nothing of permanently injuring the constitution of a horse. The practice was eventually condemned and very properly prohibited.

In 1910 Mr A. P. Cunliffe, one of the four fortunate winners in the Netheravon stable, purchased three Desmond colts, and when they arrived in Ireland I happened to see them let loose

DERBY WON BY "ABOYEUR" ON A DISQUALIFICATION

into a field. As the last was released, I said: "There goes the Derby winner." I recall this incident as I made up my mind, there and then, to back him when the time came. On that rather memorable Epsom day I was in company with a gentleman who trained in the stable; as we were looking over the Derby horses in the paddock we came to Aboyeur. I again expressed my intention of backing him. He, however, put me off by saying that on his trial he had proved that he had no chance whatever. The odds against him were a hundred to one, and some bookmakers offered a hundred and fifty. As the world now knows, Aboyeur won, after an objection instigated by the stewards and not by Mr Cunliffe. From the accompanying photograph it appears to me that Aboyeur was the culprit and not Craganour, the horse that was disqualified.

In well-managed stables the idea of stopping horses, or running them when unfit, with a view to getting them well handicapped, is not tolerated, and I very much doubt if it proves successful where it *is* practised. To stop a horse by pulling him is a dangerous business, and requires a very good horseman to do it effectively. Of course, very few high-class jockeys would risk it. To run horses many times when they are unfit is apt to make them sour and ungenerous. But, taking all things

into consideration, the Turf is much more clean and wholesome than anti-sportsmen would like to make out. Captain Machell used to say that the only finesse permissible was to run a horse out of his distance. For instance, a five-furlong animal might be run in races over a longer distance, and vice versa. Even then a clever handicapper would not be hoodwinked by such methods. Captain Machell's theory was that if a man was going to back a horse he should first satisfy himself that the animal had a stone in hand; a sound proposition, no doubt, but in handicaps no such chances present themselves. The great triumph of a handicapper must be to see the top and bottom weight first and second, or better still, a dead-heat. I believe the basis in making a handicap is as follows. Assuming there are two horses that will run a dead heat, at even weights at different distances—

Penalise one horse	1 lb. at	$2\frac{1}{4}$ miles,	he will lose by	2 lengths
,,	,,	2 miles,	,,	$1\frac{1}{4}$,,
,,	,,	$1\frac{3}{4}$ miles,	,,	1 length
,,	,,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ miles,	,,	$\frac{1}{2}$,,
,,	,,	1 mile,	,,	a head

In later years the class of steeplechase horses has certainly improved, and recently we had such horses as Poethlyn, Waterbird and Pollen, all able to hold their own on the flat. Of Poethlyn it is worth recording that, as a foal, he was sold for £8, and

BLAKELOCK

BAY BY WHITELOCK—ROSALIND
FOALED IN 1814

repurchased as a two-year-old for £50. It must be presumed that his appearance when immature must have been poor. There is no need to go into his exploits, but he has proved himself one of the best chasers of all times; no small credit for this is due to his trainer, Escott, for keeping him up to the scratch without overdoing it.

Waterbird was regarded as a very useful horse on the flat; Poethlyn and he ran a dead-heat. Pollen ran second in the Chester Cup. Take at random a few old chasers like Why Not, Frigate and Old Joe, all winners of the Grand National, the latter by six lengths, carrying 10 st. 9 lb. I do not think they could have won a decent-class race on the flat. The folly of trying them, to say the least of it, was exposed when Old Joe ran the same year, 1886, in the Cesarewitch, weighted 6 st. 3 lb., and was not in the Abingdon dip when Stone Clink caught The Cob and beat him a length. There is a story of a man who went to see a friend in an asylum. The conversation got on to racing, and the visitor mentioned that he had backed Old Joe for the Cesarewitch.

"Hush!" said the lunatic; "don't let anyone hear you. There are men in here for less than that."

Old Joe was originally one of the Hunt horses of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds, but he was such a poor performer that he was sold for £40 to

go to the Dumfriesshire Hunt. His first performance in racing was to win a point-to-point. He was then tried at the real game and no doubt proved himself a useful horse.

Why Not, when the property of Mr D. J. Jardine, and managed by Mr C. J. Cunningham, had several attempts before he was successful in the hands of Arthur Nightingall. His previous pilot, Mr Charlie Cunningham, was one of the best cross-country riders, either over a country or in the hunting field, that ever lived; but he was too long in the leg, and if his horse did not jump clean the animal was to some extent hampered by his rider's feet, brushing through the fences, acting as a drag. It was partly owing to this that he never won a National.

The year (1889) that Why Not ran second to Frigate with 11 st. 5 lb. on his back, Charlie Cunningham had in his stable a horse called Sir Herbert. This horse and Why Not were tried not once, but twice, at even weights, Sir Herbert winning both times by many lengths. The last trial, however, was one too many for Sir Herbert, as he broke down and never ran again. His weight in the National was 9 st. 12 lb. Had all concerned been satisfied with one trial, what a fortune might have been made!

Why Not was made of iron, as he continued to

retain his form until he was fifteen years of age. It was a wonderful test of constitution and soundness to stand two trials, full distance of the National course, and then run second. I recall an incident in the National Hunt Steeplechase, 4 miles, run at Malton, 1886, when I had as mount a horse called Corny Black. In jumping the water the latter made a mistake, with the result that I was thrown on his neck, the stirrups getting slung behind the 5 lb. saddle, and for a mile or more I was unable to recover them. My horse meanwhile tore along without help, establishing a long lead. As will be seen below (p. 198), we finished third, and but for this mischance might have had a chance of winning.

There are several factors necessary to enable a horse to stay. I do not think I have ever heard the word "staying" defined. Sir Charles Nugent's idea is that in order for a horse to win a National he must be such a fool as not to know when he is tired. My view is that conformation has a great deal to do with it. A horse, however speedy, cannot stay if his shoulders are faulty, as, when he is tired and the driving power decreases, his action will change; the stride will shorten and the gait will become laboured. In fact, to stay he must be able to continue galloping automatically, and of course be constitutionally sound. I believe many horses dubbed as rogues

fail for the reason that they have some constitutional weakness, either lack of sufficient nerve force or some undetected physical disability.

NATIONAL HUNT, MALTON, 1886

Thursday, 11th March.—THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE OF £277. ABOUT 4 MILES

Mr D. J. Jardine's bay WHY NOT by Castlereagh out of Twitter, 5 yrs., 12 st. 5 lb. . Mr C. J. Cunningham 1
Mr J. H. Stock's CANTEEN, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb.
Mr Wilmot Smith 2
Mr W. Wilkins' CORNY BLACK, aged, 12 st. 10 lb.
Capt. Scott 3
Mr J. M. Brooks' THE CAPTAIN, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb.
Mr Watkins 4
Lord Cholmondeley's THE FAWN, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb.
Capt. Jones 0
Mr Robinson's SKY BLUE, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb.
Mr W. R. Brockton 0
Mr Iguigue's SASUNNACH, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. Mr Kennedy 0
Mr C. Archer's ORCADIAN, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. Mr Brooks 0

Betting 3 to 1 each against Why Not and Orcadian, 4 to 1 against Blue Sky, and 8 to 1 others

Won by distance. Bad third

In 1899, on the outbreak of the South African War, I had made arrangements to join the staff of the correspondents of *The Daily Telegraph*, and wrote to this effect to my friend, Mr Peter Purcell Gilpin, wishing him good-bye. He was then training at Langton, near Blandford, and wired: "Come and see us before you go." I accepted the

invitation, with the result that, instead of going to Africa, I agreed to go and give him a hand at Langton, doing odd jobs, and, as he ironically said, giving him tips as to training. I was well aware that what he did not know about horses was not worth knowing. It was generally believed that the South African War would be finished in a matter of three months, or less. We certainly made a bad guess as to the duration of that war, but a much worse of this last one. "It is never safe to prophesy unless you know."

I can conceive no occupation more alluring or more interesting than the training, breeding and development of the thoroughbred horse, albeit disappointment and blighted hopes are more prevalent in everything connected with horses than in any other industry. I have heard a distinguished owner say when he purchased a yearling: "Ah, more trouble!" Even so, with certain disappointment and trouble staring one in the face, one cannot shake the sporting Britisher in his taste for horses. Some thousands of yearlings come up for sale annually, and the majority are purchased; every buyer is convinced that he has succeeded in acquiring a winner! What a game it is! What a glorious triumph when success is acheived!

During the year and a half when Mr Gilpin was at Langton I had many opportunities for

studying men and horses. Shakespeare says, "The proper study of mankind is man," and the man in any business whatever must agree with Shakespeare. There is no greater factor in success than the successful selection of subordinates; a good staff is quite as important as a good head. A trainer's job is not, as many people imagine it to be, a matter of rule of thumb; far from it. It requires deep and original thought.

No man, for instance, could ever become a successful trainer by theory only. He should make it his business to ascertain the character of every individual employed by him and to find out the peculiarities of every horse in the stable. Apart from adopting practical methods, he should have intuitive knowledge, a gift hard to define, but of the first importance for a man who bets. I believe Mr Gilpin had all these, and many other qualifications, and that is why he has proved so eminently successful. I can recall one instance of mistake in judgment. Five weeks previous to the Kempton Jubilee, Mr Gilpin being detained in Ireland, I was left to look after and supervise, according to instructions, the work of the various horses. Sirenia was in the Jubilee with 8 st. 6 lb., not by any means a weight that, had she been fit, would have stopped her winning. But just before Mr Gilpin left for Ireland she went

amiss, and there seemed no hope of getting her ready. Consequently, when we met at Kempton, the mare having been sent there on instructions from the owner, Mr L. Neumann, I told Mr Gilpin that his instructions as to work had been strictly carried out, but expressed my misgivings as to the mare's chance. I believe the only bet taken by Mr Gilpin was 1000 to 30, and that was, I believe, on behalf of the owner. Sirenia won by a short head after a great set-to with Merry Methodist, hailing from the Druid Lodge Stable and substantially backed down to 6 to 1.

Here is a case of an animal like Sirenia requiring very little work. Mr Gilpin had several by Gallinule in his stable that were good winners and ran best when, apparently, as fat as bullocks.

I am a firm believer in conformation, and I give the names of three animals that in my opinion ought never to have been classic winners; these are Jeddah, Tagalie and Pretty Polly. The latter is the only one of the three worth commenting on. When I say that she had many faults, I know I shall stand alone in my opinion. She had a broad chest, faulty shoulders, a neck that looked burdened with flesh and not very well coupled, and an all-round want of quality. What saved her was superb action — a long reach with a quick recovery. But the fact remains that when she

met good stayers in the Hay Presto and Bachelors Double she was beaten.

I must hark back to the days when my regiment was quartered at Colchester. About twenty miles from there yet lives a great sportsman, Sir Claude De Crespigny, one of the hardest men who ever lived; I would back him to walk, box, swim and ride against any man of his own age. He had a private steeplechase course on his estate at Champion Lodge. Early in the spring of 1881 Sir Claude placed this course at our disposal, and there we held our first regimental races after eleven years' service abroad. At this meeting I managed to win three events with two animals that came under the designation of "screws." A screw is a class by himself, and the stand-by of the poor man's stable — never quite lame and never quite sound, and if he makes the "least bit of noise you know." So much the better, for he will cost less, and, judiciously ridden, he will prove satisfactory enough. At the end of the season you will find a screw, although he has probably done twice the work of the "sound clean young horse," just as well as when the season began; the latter, however, looks dejected and careworn, for he is qualifying for the screw stage. When he has reached that stage he will be a hunter.

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PRETTY POLLY

A MARE OF THE HIGHEST CLASS. ON LOOKS SHE SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN A RACEHORSE

I never was a sprinter, but I recall with great satisfaction winning an impromptu hundred yards race, for a Cup presented by Lady De Crespigny, between the rival cricket teams, Champion Lodge *v.* 3rd Hussars, in which every man in each team had to compete. A race with twenty-two runners is "some field." I put down my being able to win to the fact that I had partaken meagrely of the excellent repast provided by our hosts.

Anyone who can remember Ascot and Epsom in the early eighties, and compare the scene with the present time, must surely have a feeling akin to sadness. The Grand Parade of four-in-hand coaches is a thing of the past. Instead of the picturesque array of well-appointed coaches, a gloomy mass of smelling motors assails both eye and nose. Coaching among the mounted branches of the service was part and parcel of racing. The Regimental Coach was an institution and invariably attended all races within driving distance, well provided with refreshments. Officers could then repay a willing tribute for hospitality received, a tribute in many cases impossible to offer under other conditions. To drive a team in style is by no means such an easy job as it looks. I believe every regiment had its crack whip who could drive a team instead of "tooling it." As coaches swung into the enclosures at Ascot, and sprang the hill

at Epsom, many critical eyes were there to take stock. There was only one officer in the regiment in my time who could do the thing in style, and that was the present Lord Gisborough: previous to taking that title he was Dick Chaloner, and before that was known as "Sammy Long."

The breeding and development of the thoroughbred is, indeed, a most fascinating enterprise. Thousands are spent annually in the attempt to breed classic winners, and it seems strange that not more than two, or at the most three, absolutely first-class horses are bred annually. Take the annual entries for the Derby—say a hundred and fifty—every animal with the bluest of blood in his veins; yet as often as not it turns out there is only one top-class horse in the lot. What is the explanation of this? If that explanation could be found, first-class horses could be as numerous as Platers. The very best land can be acquired; the management of the breeding stock, as near as can be, reaches perfection; the treatment of the youngsters by the bulk of the trainers is unquestionable; and still only one or two first-class horses is the result. I venture to suggest that, unless "luck" is on his side, a man may strive to achieve success in any undertaking and fail. "Luck"—*i.e.* fortune for good or for evil—is an enigma that confounds logical definition or explanation; it is nevertheless

a fascinating theme, and the why and wherefore must present itself to the ordinary man many times a day.

Napoleon put great store on luck. He says: "Good fortune, what a factor it is—what may it not lead a man on to do?" He preferred a lucky general to a good one. Putting "luck" on one side, I am inclined to think that close in-breeding is conducive to more failures than successes. The conformation of both sire and dam should be taken into consideration—*i.e.* deficient points in the mare might be compensated for by a prominence in these points in the horse, without regard to the so-called "nicking" of blood. I remember Mr Allison, Special Commissioner of *The Sportsman*, starting a very interesting discussion as to what horse (classic) should be acclaimed as the best-looking. I forget now what animal was selected, but I suggest that there were never better-looking horses bred than St Simon, Bend Or, Ladas and Bayardo for expression, power, symmetry and balance.

Old age deprives us of many pleasures, alters us in many ways, but the sporting instinct lives as long as life lasts; nor surely does the love of horses ever die.

The poets of Australia seem to have realised this even better than those of our own land. A. B. Paterson, most popular of Australian poets

since Lindsay Gordon's day, voices it in his poem, *Old Pardon, the Son of Reprieve*, of which I may perhaps be allowed to quote a verse:

> . . . But he's old—and his eyes are grown hollow;
> Like me, with my thatch of the snow;
> When he dies, then I hope I may follow,
> And go where the race-horses go,
> I don't want no harping nor singing—
> Such things with my style don't agree;
> Where the hoofs of the horses are ringing
> There's music sufficient for me.

CHAPTER X

THE GRAND NATIONAL

IN discussing flat-racing and steeplechasing no man of knowledge and experience can say the latter is conducive in any way to the improvement of the breed of horses. To begin with, mares that have been used for racing for a long period are, with very few exceptions, failures at the Stud; this is true more particularly of those that are proved stayers and that have gone through the strenuous work necessary to fit to cover long distances.

I recall the successes of a great line of jumpers bred by the late Mat Maher, for many years a member of the Irish Jockey Club. Schooner, Frigate and Shannon Lass, all admirable jumpers, bred fairly good animals, but none that came up to the standard of their own excellence. Then very few entire horses have been successful. Grudon, however, was an exception. Trained and owned by Mr Bletsoe, at Elms Denton, Northampton, and ridden by Arthur Nightingall, Grudon won in 1901, with Drumcree, a subsequent hero, second, the winner carrying ten stone. But I have not noticed that Grudon at the Stud ever got stock as good as

himself. This applies to the two later entries, Ascetic Silver and Covert Coat.

It is satisfactory to know Mat Maher's brother, Captain George Maher, carries on the Stud formerly owned by Mat. George Maher, for some years in the 7th Dragoon Guards, figured in the Sporting Press as one of the best men to hounds in Ireland.

By far the greater majority of horses that are put to jumping are geldings. The reasons for this are obvious. They require less work than entire horses, are much more amenable to discipline, and are less inclined to be tricky and unreliable. Comparatively few mares are put to the game, hence we have to go back as far as the second year of the present century to find the gentler sex successful. That occurred when Shannon Lass scored a very popular win for Mr Ambrose Gorham, who still owns and likes to talk of that heroine's victory. In all, however, since Lottery won in the inaugural year, 1839, only ten mares have been successful. Of these, Emblem and Emblematic were own sisters by the 1851 Derby winner, Teddington, and successive heroines.

Here are given the ten mares who have been Grand National winners, with particulars of their owners, riders, pedigree, full age and weight :

1852. Mr T. F. Mason's bay Miss MOWBRAY by Lancastrian—Norma, aged, 10st. 4 lb. (Mr A. Goodman.)
1860. Mr C. Capel's bay ANATIS by King Dan—Johnstone Lass, aged, 9 st. 10 lb. (Mr Thomas.)
1861. Mr J. Bennett's brown JEALOUSY by The Cure—Jewess, 7 yrs., 9 st. 12 lb. (J. Kendall.)
1863. Lord Coventry's chest. EMBLEM by Teddington—Miss Batty, 7 yrs., 10 st. 10 lbs. (G. Stevens.)
1864. Lord Coventry's chest. EMBLEMATIC by Teddington—Miss Batty, 6 yrs., 10 st. 6 lb. (G. Stevens.)
1872. Mr E. Brayley's chest. CASSE TETE by Trumpeter—Constance, 7 yrs., 10 st. (J. Page.)
1880. M. Ducrot's chest. EMPRESS by Blood Royal—Jeu des Mots, 5 yrs., 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr T. Beasley.)
1883. Prince Kinsky's chest. ZOEDONE by Miss Oswestry—Miss Honiton, 6 yrs., 11 st. (Owner.)
1889. Mr M. Maher's bay FRIGATE by Gunboat—Fair Maid of Kent, 11 yrs., 11 st. 4 lb. (Mr T. Beasley.)
1902. Mr A. Gorham's bay or brown SHANNON LASS by Butterscotch—Mazurka, 7 yrs., 10 st. 1 lb. (D. Read.)

The Grand National is a unique race, in that the Aintree course with its big fences demands special qualities from horses racing over it.

Willie Moore, who trained Manifesto, maintained that it was the style in which a horse jumped that made him able to negotiate obstacles with a minimum of energy. If one watches a steeplechase carefully the difference in the style of jumping of competing horses is easily noticeable.

If when coming to a fence a horse does not time it in his stride—that is to say, put "a short one in"—he loses balance. Practice, of course, can improve an animal in this respect, but some horses never

become as efficient as others. A good chaser will never jump a hair's-breadth higher than is necessary, and will land so that he gets into his stride without losing an inch of ground.

It has been my good fortune to see a goodly number of "Nationals," and when one compares moderns like Ascetic Silver, Sunloch and Troytown with Frigate, for instance, it makes one wonder whether size has much to do with carrying weight. Symmetry is not often combined with great size, yet they are blended perfectly in this really magnificent specimen of a chaser—viz. Troytown.

On the other hand, Sunloch was a curious type to be a winner of the chase, he being very distinctly on the leg, seventeen hands high, and by reason of his previous performances seemed an unlikely horse to win. This was not the opinion of his past owner and trainer, Mr Tom Tyler of Loughborough, one of the old sporting sort; he was so confident of the success of his horse that he actually spent the time the race was being run in writing telegrams to that effect to his friends. Tom had sold half the horse to a ruffianly adventurer, and it happened that this fellow was in gaol on the day of the race. Tyler, however, previous to saddling the horse, had consulted the stewards, and explained the situation to them; but no rule could be found by which an owner, or part owner, of a horse who

happened to be in "durance vile" was liable to disqualification.

Ascetic Silver was another weight-carrier. He was ridden and trained by the Hon. Aubrey Hastings at Wroughton. Wild Man from Borneo was another type of the small wiry sort, up to about 10 st. 7 lb. with hounds.

The great Cloister was noticeable in that his hocks and knees were remarkably near the ground, yet he had the best of shoulders and great muscular development in his second thighs. As my old friend Arthur Yates used to say: "It is action and wind that win races." More comparatively small horses have these characteristics than big ones.

Further to accentuate the fact that the Grand National is a unique race, it may be pointed out that some extraordinarily low-priced horses have won at times. For instance, we read that Mr Elmore bought Lottery, its first winner, at Horncastle Fair for £120; then Chandler, the record 37 feet Warwick jumper, and the hero at Aintree in 1848, was purchased for £20. Again in later years I can recall Old Joe, originally sold for £40 out of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt. Then Rubio, I believe, cost only a ten-pound note. Roquefort was purchased by Colonel "Bobby" Fisher for £28; Poethlyn cost £8 as a yearling. Sunloch went begging for £100, before twice that money secured him, and I have no

doubt many others, bought for low prices, could only show their excellence when put to the big job.

And although most of these horses are in the *Stud Book*, with the exception of Roquefort, none of them was trained until four years or upwards; in fact, if we go over the winners for years past, it will be seen that successful Nationals are not always recruited from the misfits of flat-racing.

It is my humble opinion that prospective National horses should not be trained early in life. The strain, especially on the heart, is too much if the horses are put to work before they are mature.

When my helpmate, Mr Meyrick, sent me the list of the only ten mares that have won the National, he also kindly enclosed a full record of the entire horses who have been successful in this race. These total seventeen. The first was Wanderer, 1855, and the most recent Covert Coat, 1913, the last of the late Sir Assheton Smith's three winners. It may be noted that The Lamb, 1868–1871, and The Colonel, 1869–1870, were winners on two occasions, as were also the geldings, Peter Simple, 1849–1853; Abd-el-Kader, 1850–1851; Manifesto, 1897–1899, and lastly Poethlyn, 1918–1919, Poethlyn standing as the third successive double with Abd-el-Kader and The Colonel, if it be correct to include the triumph of Mrs Hugh Peel's great performer at Gatwick. And why not?—seeing that Mr Topham

not only made the handicap at Gatwick, but kindly gave a trophy with the transfer of the title; although the official yearly *Steeplechase Calendar* in its statistics singularly enough do not recognise such substitution.

Here is Mr Meyrick's list of successful entire horses:

THE ENTRIES

1855. Mr Dunn's bay WANDERER (h.b.) by Verulam, aged, 9 st. 8 lb. (Hanlon.)
1856. Mr W. Barnett's brown FREETRADER (late John Bright) by The Sea out of Miss Cobden, 7 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb. (G. Stevens.)
1859. Mr Willoughby's brown HALF CASTE by Morgan Rattler, 6 yrs., 9 st. 7 lb. (C. Green.)
1862. Vis de Namur's bay HUNTSMAN by Tupsley dam of Young Augustus, 9 yrs., 11 st. (H. Lamplugh.)
1865. Mr B. J. Angell's chest. ALCIBIADE by Cossack out of Aunt Phillis, 5 yrs., 11 st. 4 lb. (Capt. H. Coventry.)
1866. Mr E. Studd's bay SALAMANDER by Fire Eater, 7 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr A. Goodman.)
1868. Lord Poulett's grey THE LAMB by Zouave dam by Arthur, 6 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb. (Mr Edwards.)
1869. Mr Weyman's brown THE COLONEL by Knight of Kars out of Boadicea (h.b.), 6 yrs, 10 st. 7 lb. (G. Stevens.)
1870. Mr M. Evans' brown THE COLONEL by Knight of Kars out of Boadicea, 7 yrs., 11 st. 12 lb. (G. Stevens.)
1871. Lord Poulett's grey THE LAMB by Zouave dam by Arthur, 9 yrs., 11 st. 5 lb. (Mr Thomas.)
1873. Capt. Machell's bay DISTURBANCE by Commotion out of Polly Peachum, 6 yrs., 11 st. 11 lb. (Mr J. M. Richardson.)
1874. Capt. Machell's bay REUGNY by Minos out of Reine Blanche, 6 yrs., 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr J. M. Richardson.)

1877. Mr F. G. Hobson's chest. AUSTERLITZ by Rataplan out of Lufra, 5 yrs., 10 st. 8 lb. (Owner.)

1878. Mr John Nightingall's brown SHIFNAL by Saccharometer out of Countess Amy, 9 yrs., 10 st. 12 lb. (J. Jones.)

1901. Mr B. Bletsoe's brown GRUDON (h.b.) by Old Buck out of Avis, 11 yrs., 10 st. (A. Nightingall.)

1906. Prince Hatzfeldt's chest ASCETIC SILVER by Ascetic out of Silver Lady, 9 yrs., 10 st. 9 lb. (Hon. A. Hastings.)

1913. Sir C. Assheton Smith's bay COVERT COAT by Hackler out of Cinnamon, 7 yrs., 11 st. 6 lb. (P. Woodlands.)

It is worthy of note that not one of the above when at the Stud produced a colt or filly that won the Grand National. It also can be said of the mares that so far they have yet to produce a hero or heroine of great renown, much less a National winner.

Most of the oldest of living experts regard The Colonel and The Lamb as the finest entries of modern history. Both those horses, singularly enough, ended their careers in Germany. How true it may be I cannot say, but when the Colonel left England after his Liverpool defeat in 1871 he was used for Imperial Stud purposes; so was The Lamb, the only grey to score in the Grand National. However, the Stud return show of both was quite in character with other famous National winners, as from The Colonel we never heard of any great results, while The Lamb had a fatal fall in a steeplechase

at Baden-Baden soon after his arrival in Germany. I cannot recall what the Germans paid for The Lamb, but at Tattersalls in April 1870, barely a month after his second victory, The Colonel was sold for 2600 guineas.

All this is astonishing to remember when we come to the days of Sir Assheton Smith, who, Mr Gore will tell you, subsequent to the days of Cloister, spent no less a sum than £50,000 in the purchases of such horses as Jerry M., Covert Coat, Sunloch, Cackler, Holy War and others. However, after Cloister, Jerry M. and Covert Coat had triumphed, Sir Assheton was more keen on Aintree's spoils than ever. Although then thrice a winner, he was anxious to top a similar record held by Mr Elmore and Captain Machell; he therefore purchased Sunloch after he had won for Mr Tyler. A fourth victory, however, was not to be, for death took this great patron of steeplechasing from our midst, a circumstance rendered the more tragic from the fact that his son Robin met his death in the war soon after his return to the front from attending his father's funeral.

Sir Assheton was both impetuous and enthusiastic. Perhaps his greatest blow occurred in connection with Aintree's chase in 1894, when Cloister met with an accident in a school at Bishop Sutton. He was handicapped at 12 st. 7 lb., was a well-

backed favourite, and was expected to repeat his great performance of the previous season, when he made all the runnings and won by forty lengths in the then record time of 9 min. 32¾ sec. The fall referred to not only caused him to be scratched, but created universal disappointment, and although handicapped at 13 st. 3 lb. in 1895–1896, he ran in neither year, and his career in the National really ended with his 1893 popular and gallant victory.

So far the Liverpool record tells us that no horse has ever been thrice successful, but Cloister with the least bit of luck might have accomplished that feat, as prior to his victory, when carrying the colours of Lord Dudley, he was second to Come Away in 1891, and in a like position in 1892, when Father O'Flynn and Captain "Roddy" Owen came sailing home well ahead of him when in receipt of no less than 1 st. 12 lb.

Of the double winners Abd-el-Kader, 1850–1851, owned by the late Mr Joseph Osborne, is the first on record, his feat being sandwiched between the two successes of Peter Simple, 1849–1853, a bay horse by Patron even now oft confounded with the grey Peter who earned the sympathy of all Lincolnshire on no fewer than half-a-dozen successive occasions just prior to the bay Peter coming successfully on the scene. The nearest the grey Peter got in his six attempts was, firstly, in 1841,

when he ran third to Charity; he was in the same position the next year to Gaylad, and second in 1845 to Cure All, who, like the grey Peter, hailed from the Fen country. The bay Peter's opening victory was in 1849, the "first time of asking." He ran in both Abd-el-Kader's successful years, and again was beaten in 1852 (Miss Mowbray's year), before scoring a second time in 1853, finally breaking down badly in the off fore leg the next year, when Bourton was successful. The bay Peter therefore ran in seven successive Liverpools, just one more than the grey.

To my way of thinking a grey in a steeplechase always attracts great public interest, and the nearest I can recall to The Lamb's dual victory in the history of the Liverpool, apart from the already referred to Peter Simple, is Fosco, who in 1863 was fourth to Emblem, Sultana in a like position to Austerlitz in 1877, Downpatrick third to Empress in 1880 and again fourth in 1883 to Zoedone, and lastly the French horse Trianon III, who in 1914 was second to Sunloch.

And now for some brief remarks about the amateurs and professionals who have gained much distinction in the National.

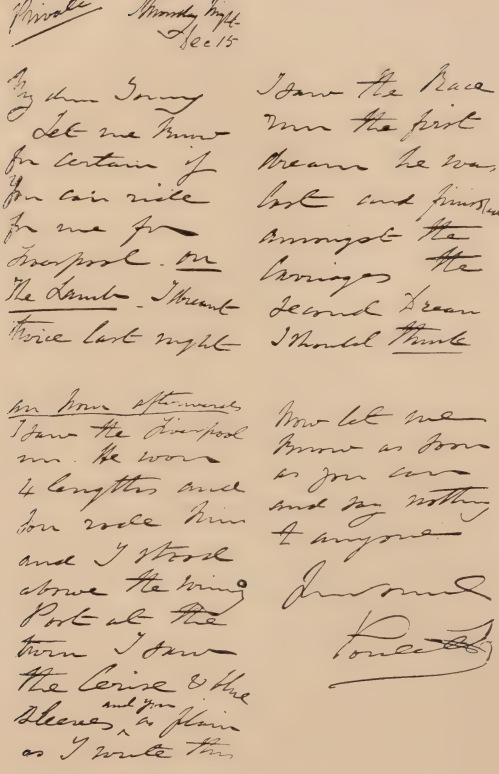
For many years the famous Tom Oliver's three wins out of nineteen, the largest number of rides of either amatuer or professional in the chase, was the

next best record to Stevens' five successes out of fifteen until Mr T. Pickernell tied Oliver's record with Amatis, 1860, The Lamb, 1871, and the Pathfinder, 1876. The Lamb's success was foretold in a dream.

Personally, I do not believe in dreams, but the truth of the following incident is, I believe, proved by documentary evidence. In a dream Lord Poulett saw his horse, The Lamb, win the Grand National a second time, with Mr Pickernell in the saddle. Before the entries had closed he wrote to "Tommy" relating his dream and engaging him to ride. The gist of that letter has often been quoted, but the original until now has never appeared in print.

Superstitious people may like to hear of another dream, which occurred to Fred Webb. This, however, did not concern the Grand National (in which in 1881 he had a mount on The Scot and finished fifth when Woodbrook won), but a more important event—the Derby of 1873, the only time he was ever successful in that race. When Webb arrived at Epsom on the Monday before Derby Day he had no prospects whatever of a mount, but during the night he dreamt that he had won that contest. On the downs at exercise the next morning, however, Robert Peck, casually meeting him, at once secured his services, with a victorious result.

Harking back to the Grand National's winning



Private Thursday Night Dec 15

My dear Sonny
Let me know
for certain if
you can ride
for me for
Liverpool. on
The Lamb. I meant
twice last night

I saw the Race
was the first
Steam he was
beat and finished
amongst the
Carriages the
Second Steam
I should think

On Town afternoon
I saw the Liverpool
run. He won
4 lengths and
Jon rode him
and I stood
above the Winning
Post at the
turn I saw
the Cerise & Blue
Sleeves and you
as plain
as I write this

Now let me
know as soon
as you can
and by nothing
to anyone

Yours ever
Poulett

Facsimile of Letter from Lord Poulett

riders, Mr Tommy Beasley, like Mr Pickernell and Mr J. Anthomy, was thrice successful, twice in succession—on Empress in 1880, and on Woodbrook in 1880; the third time was on Frigate in 1889, after that mare had had five failures. Of the professionals, Arthur Nightingall and Ernest Piggott so far are the only two to get on equal terms with Tom Oliver.

Of the amateurs and professionals to have ridden two winners, it will be seen below that only Mr J. M. Richardson, Mr E. P. Wilson and Mr Alex. Goodman are of the former, and Johnny Page and Percy Woodlands of the latter. The best average is that of Mr Richardson's two consecutive wins, Disturbance, 1873, and Reugny, 1874, out of four mounts, if of course the "one ride one win" of Captain Henry Coventry, Alcibiade, 1865, Mr "Freddy" Hobson, Austerlitz, 1877, and Lord Manners, Seaman, 1882, are not considered in this statistical reckoning. The appended table gives the winning and placing of the leading half-dozen amateurs and professionals:

AMATEURS

	Win	*2nd*	*3rd*	*Unplaced*	*Total*
Pickernell, Mr T. . .	3	..	2	12	17
Beasley, Mr T. . . .	3	2	1	6	12
Anthomy, Mr J. R. .	3	..	4	7	14
Richardson, Mr J. M. .	2	..	..	2	4
Wilson, Mr E. P. . .	2	1	..	13	16
Goodman, Mr A. . .	2	1	1	7	11

PROFESSIONALS

	Win	*2nd*	*3rd*	*Unplaced*	*Total*
Stevens, G. . . .	5	..	1	9	15
Oliver, T.	3	3	1	12	19
Nightingall, A. . . .	3	1	4	7	15
Piggott, E. . . .	3	..	2	7	12
Page, J.	2	1	1	7	11
Woodlands, P. . . .	2	1	..	7	10

A wonderful feature of the Grand National is that almost from the date of its inception the name of Topham has figured at the head of the management, the present officials E. and W. being grandsons of Mr Edward Topham, who, we read, succeeded Mr Lynn, the original founder. At any rate praise has always and justly been given to Aintree's affairs. What a poet wrote some years ago of the grandfather is, it is pleasing to add, applicable to the grandsons :

> Arous'd once more from winter's nap
> As trees respond to quick'ning sap,
> Or spendthrifts start at bailiff's tap,
> The Muse resumed her lay :
> O Topham ! great through all the land
> With chase intrinsically grand
> Undimmed by that of south band
> Your hand ;
> Again 'tis Aintree's day.

CHAPTER XI

THE PEDIGREE AND COLOUR OF GRAND NATIONAL WINNERS

FROM Lottery to Troytown the winning horses number seventy-five; of these half-a-dozen were twice successful, thus making in all eighty-one races. A brown (Lottery) was the hero in 1839. His jumping capabilities are historic, and need no praise from my pen. In the pictures of the first National he is depicted going like great guns on the flat and making very light even of the stone wall which in those days was built in front of the stands.

Whilst writing of Lottery's jumping qualities, I must mention the longest recorded jump at Aintree—that of 33 feet—which some maintain was over the wall; reference to the file of *Bell's Life*, however, makes it clear that the leap took place at one of the two hurdles then in vogue after landing on the course a second time.

Following Lottery were eleven browns, if I include Shannon Lass, a doubtful brown or bay. The winning bays total forty-three, of which, so far as I can discover, Charity was the first (1841). I am unable to trace the colour of Jerry, who won the

second year of the contest. The bays also include Abd-el-Kader, the first of the six dual winners. The chestnuts, although numerically larger than the browns, have no dual winner among their total of sixteen. The only dual grey winner was The Lamb—that is, if he could be called a grey, for he really had a beautiful black skin flecked with white. He had not whitened when he ran his last race in England over the Droxford course prior to leaving for Germany, where, as mentioned elsewhere, his career ended fatally at Baden-Baden. Regal and Playfair are the only two black winners.

The horse that most frequently took part in the Grand National was Manifesto. The great hero's career at Aintree is worthy of being recorded here. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that his skeleton is to be found in the Natural History Museum at Liverpool.

MANIFESTO AND HIS GRAND NATIONALS

Year	*Rider*	*Weight*	*Result*	*Winner*
1895	Kavanagh	11 st. 2 lb.	Fourth	Wild Man from Borneo
1896	Gourlay	11 st. 4 lb.	Fell	Soarer
1897	Kavanagh	11 st. 3 lb.	Won	Manifesto
1898	Non-Starter	..	..	Drogheda
1899	G. Williamson	12 st. 7 lb.	Won	Manifesto
1900	G. Williamson	12 st. 13 lb.	Third	Ambush II.
1901	Non-Starter	..	..	Grudon
1902	E. Piggott	12 st. 8 lb.	Third	Shannon Lass
1903	G. Williamson	12 st. 3 lb.	Third	Drumcree
1904	E. Piggott	12 st. 1 lb.	Unplaced	Moifaa

Summary—Won, 2; Third, 3; Fourth, 1; Unplaced, 2; Total, 8

Manifesto, who was a bay gelding by Man-of-War out of Vae Victia, was seven years old when he made his debut in the Liverpool in 1895, and consequently was sixteen years old in his last effort in 1904, when the New Zealander Moifaa won.

The nearest to Manifesto's eight efforts are seven each—viz. The Liberator, Frigate, Gamecock and Why Not—and a single run and winning effort alone rest with Gaylad (1842), Discount (1844), Wanderer (1855), Half Caste (1859), Salamander (1866), Austerlitz (1877), Seaman (1882), Come Away (1891), Drogheda (1898), Shannon Lass (1902), Eremon (1907), Rubio (1908), and Troytown (1920).

BAYS

*ABD-EL-KADER (1850-1851) by Ishmael—English Lass . 5
ALLY SLOPER (1915) by Travelling Lad—Sally in our Alley 5
ANATIS (1860) by King Dan—Johnstone Lass . . 4
†BALLYMACAD (1917) by Laveno—Ballymacarney . 2
BOURTON (1854) by Drayton—Trifle's dam . . 3
CHARITY (1841) by Woodman—dam unknown . . 3
CLOISTER (1893) by Ascetic—Grace II. . . . 3
COME AWAY (1891) by Cumbuslang—Larkaway . . 1
COVERT COAT (1913) by Hackler—Cinnamon . . 3
DISTURBANCE (1873) by Commotion—Polly Peachum . 2
DROGHEDA (1898) by Cherry Ripe—Eglantine . . 1
DRUMCREE (1903) by Ascetic—Witching Hour . . 5
EMIGRANT (1857) by Melbourne—Pandora . . 2
EREMON (1907) by Thurles—Daisy . . . 1

NOTE.—Those marked * are double winners ; † war substitutes at Gatwick. The figures indicate the number of times of starting.

FATHER O'FLYNN (1892) by Retreat—Kathleen . . 5
FRIGATE (1889) by Gunboat—Fair Maid of Kent . 7
GAMECOCK (1887) by Revolver—dam by Lightfoot . 7
GAYLAD (1842) by Brutandorf—dam unknown . . 1
GLENSIDE (1911) by St Gris—Kilwimnit . . 2
GRUDON (1901) by Old Buck—Avis . . . 3
HUNTSMAN (1862) by Tupsley—dam by Young Augustus . 3
JENKINSON (1910) by Hackler—Playmate . . 4
JERRY M. (1912) by Walmsgate—dam by Luminary . 2
LIBERATOR (1879) by Dan O'Connell—Mary o' Toole . 7
LITTLE CHARLEY (1858) by Charles XII.—Petworth . 5
*MANIFESTO (1897-1899) by Man-of-War—Vae Victia . 8
MATTHEW (1847) by Vestris—dam unknown . . 2
MISS MOWBRAY (1852) by Lancasterian—Norma . 3
OLD JOE (1886) by Barefoot—Spot . . . 3
PATHFINDER (1875) by Mogador—dam unknown. . 2
*PETER SIMPLE (1849-1853) by Patron—dam unknown . 6
PIONEER (1846) by Advance—dam unknown . . 3
*†POETHLYN (1918-1919) by Rydal Head — Fine Champagne 3
REUGNY (1874) by Minos—Reine Blanche . . 3
SALAMANDER (1866) by Fire-Eater—dam unknown . 1
SEAMAN (1882) by Xenophon—Lena Rivers . . 1
SHAUN SPADAH (1921) by Easter Prize out of Rusialka by Bushey Park 2
SHIFNAL (1878) by Saccharometer—Countess Amy . 4
SOARER, THE (1896), by Skylark—dam by Lurgan . 3
SUNLOCH (1914) by Sundorne—Gralloch . . . 2
VANGUARD(1843) by Old Advance—dam unknown . 2
†VERMOUTH (1916) by Barcaldaile—dam by Bushey Park 3
WANDERER (1855) by Verulam—dam unknown . . 1
WHY NOT (1894) by Castlereagh—Twitter . . 7

CHESTNUTS

ALCIBIADE (1865) by Cossack—Aunt Phillis . . 5
ASCETIC SILVER (1906) by Ascetic—Silver Lady . . 3
AUSTERLITZ (1877) by Rataplan—Lufra . . 1

CASSE TETE (1872) Trumpeter—Constance . . 5
CORTOLVIN (1867) by Chicken or Cheerful Horn—Dairy Maid 2
DISCOUNT (1844) by Sir Hercules—dam unknown . 1
EMBLEM (1863) by Teddington—Miss Batty . . 2
EMBLEMATIC (1864) by Teddington—Miss Batty . . 2
EMPRESS (1881) by Blood Royal—Jeu-des-Mots . . 1
ILEX (1890) by Rostrevor—Rostrum's dam . . 3
KIRKAND (1904) by Kirkham—dam by Perizouius . 4
LUTTEUR III. (1909) by St Damien—Lausanne . . 3
RUBIO (1908) by Star Ruby—La Toquera . . 1
WILD MAN FROM BORNEO (1895) by Decider—Wild Duck 4
WOODBROOK (1881) by The Lawyer—Doe . . 2
ZOEDONE (1883) by New Oswestry—Miss Honiton . 3

BROWNS

AMBUSH II. (1900) by Ben Battle—Miss Plant . . 4
CHANDLER (1848) by Dr Faustus—dam unknown . 3
*COLONEL, THE (1869–1870), by Knight of Kars—Boadicea 3
FREETRADER (1856) by The Sea—Miss Cobden . . 3
HALF CASTE (1859) by Morgan Rattler—dam unknown . 1
JEALOUSY (1861) by The Cure—Jewess . . . 3
LOTTERY (1839) by Lottery—dam unknown . . 5
MOIFAA (1904) by Natator—Denbigh . . . 2
ROQUEFORT (1885) by Winslow—Cream Cheese . . 5
TROYTOWN (1920) by Ziria—Diane by Ascetic . . 1
VOLUPTUARY (1884) by Cremorne—Miss Evelyn . 4

BAY OR BROWN

SHANNON LASS (1902) by Butterscotch—Mazurka . 1

BLACK

PLAYFAIR (1888) by Ripponden—dam by Rattlebones . 1
REGAL (1876) by Saunterer—Regalia . . . 6

IRON-GREY

*THE LAMB (1868-1871) by Zouave—dam by Arthur . 3

UNKNOWN COLOUR

JERRY (1840) by Catterick—dam unknown . . 1
CUREALL (1845) by Physician—dam unknown . . 2

CHAPTER XII

THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE

AS a preface to a complete list of winning owners, riders, and the heroes and heroines of the National Hunt Steeplechase, it may be interesting to record the fact that this long popular event was originated by a party of noblemen and gentlemen who, at the end of the fifties, found that the Jockey Club had neither time nor desire to shape their rules to fit hurdle and steeplechasing. It therefore became necessary to form a similar guardianship solely to take over the management of our jumping affairs.

Steeplechasing at that time had sunk to a low level, but the situation was at once saved by that never-to-be-forgotten good sportsman, Mr B. J. or "Cherry Angell," as he was always referred to by his friends. As was anticipated, this move made by Mr Angell quickly found a following of the right sort. There, however, are not many living who can recall that great set-off in 1860 at Farndon, about a mile and a half outside Market-Harborough. This was decided over four miles of a beautiful hunting country through which ran

a natural brook which, if its width did not set the notorious Skittles at defiance, brought many of the opposite sex to grief when taking part in the great contest. The thirty-one starters here constituted a record until 1911, when, at the present Cheltenham home, it was broken with the seven and thirty that followed in the rear of Sir Halbert, who belonged to Captain Frank Grissell, an old 9th Lancer amateur steeplechase rider.

It is singular that among Sir Halbert's backers was the Earl of Coventry, now President of the New Club at Cheltenham; moreover, his lordship was one of the above-mentioned party of noblemen and gentlemen to flock round Mr Angell in the formation of our National Hunt Committee. Among others in that party were Lords Westmorland, Poulett, Suffolk, Grey de Wilton, Sir F. Johnstone, Captain "Josey" Little of Chandler fame, Captain Henry Coventry, Mr George Payne, Mr W. G. Craven, Mr A. Sumner, Mr C. Carew, and last but not least, Lord Chaplin. Concerning the last-mentioned, few are aware that when known as "the Squire of Blankney" his lordship succeeded in placing his name thrice as the winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase: first with his Emperor, Mr A. Goodman, at Wetherby in 1865; another called Emperor III., Captain Henry Coventry, at Bedford in 1867, Hermit's

year, and lastly Schiedam, with Mr J. M. Richardson in the saddle, at Cottenham in 1870.

It was not, however, until the National Hunt chase had been decided twice in succession at Market-Harborough and a third time at Rugby that as a governing body the newly formed Committee was really firmly established. Once since, if memory serves me correctly, it underwent reconstruction, but since 1863 Messrs Weatherby's offices have always been its headquarters. Mr Cherry Angell stands out prominently as the winning owner of the first two, first with Bridegroom and then with Queensferry, both of which were ridden by that good, all-round sportsman, Mr E. C. Burton, who was Mr Angell's fidus Achates in the management of his steeplechasers. Mr Burton rowed in his Eight for Oxford, where he hunted the Drag; he was a good athlete, and subsequently became a legal luminary. His legal experience served him well when on many occasions he filled the chair at National Hunt Committee meetings. Out of office there was, however, plenty of geniality about him; but as they used to say of the late Lord Brampton, Mr Burton was quite a "terror and no error" when in office.

Of the many National Hunt winners, it has oft been said that few of them have turned out high-class chasers; such is really the case, as Why Not,

who succeeded in 1886 at Malton, stands out as its sole Grand National hero. In its earliest of years, however, Bridegroom came very near to doing the trick; for after winning the National Hunt in 1860, he finished fourth to Jealousy in the following year, being ridden by Mr FitzAdams, an assumed name for Mr H. Blundell, a relative of Mr Burton. In 1862, with what they then called Young Ben Land in the saddle, there was only the winner Huntsman to stop the way. It may not be generally known that it was in the Aintree event that Bridegroom ran unplaced in 1860 before making successfully all the running in the National Hunt Steeplechase. At Liverpool he was the mount of Mr Ekard, an assumed name for none other than the Rev. Mr Edward Drake, as Mr Burton's weight did not permit the mount at Aintree.

But as the Rev. Cecil Legard used to say when talking of his own earliest of steeplechase saddle days, "Of course that was before I took Holy Orders," and such was no doubt the same with Parson Drake and his 1860 Grand National mount on Bridegroom.

In the National Hunt list of winners, Major Tempest's name is seen against the National Hunt hero Pickles at Bristol, as far back as 1873, when he defeated Mr Arthur Yates a head on Cardigan after as grand a set-to as one could wish to witness.

With reference to the love of military amateurs for the National Hunt Steeplechase, no even short review of the history of that chase would be complete without reference to the successful doings of Captain Arthur, or "Dogie," Smith, as he is more familiarly called by his many yet admiring friends. Captain Smith for riding winners of the National Hunt Steeplechase goes very near the great record of the late Mr E. P. Wilson, who is credited with five wins, all of which, curiously enough, were won on four-year-olds, long since debarred from taking place in the contest. Of Mr Wilson's five victories four were successive: Pride of Prussia, Four Oaks Park, 1881; Llantarnam, Derby, 1882, in which Frigate made her debut in England; Satellite, Melton, 1883; and Equity, Leicester, 1884; these were preceded by The Bear, Cottenham, 1877. But Captain Smith runs this great score very close with four wins at much wider intervals: Game Chicken, Melton, 1864; Daybreak, Burton, 1871; Lucellum, Aylesbury, 1874; and New Glasgow, Liverpool, 1880. In the last, however, only three horses ran, the smallest field ever to take part in the chase. In its movable days, curiously enough, that was the only time the Hunt Committee paid a visit to Aintree. It is further recorded of Captain Smith that the New Glasgow win was not scored without a fall. One of Mr Wilson's five also was not

attained without grief. Allusion here is made to Satellite at Melton, where he won after a fall and a desperate race, finishing on a broken saddle.

The various vicissitudes of the National Hunt are fully mentioned in the appended table, but all these changes have long since appeared a thing of the past. The Grand Military permanently pitched their camp at Sandown in 1887; the National Hunt Committee since 1911 have become more than wedded to Cheltenham.

THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE

		No. of Starters
1860	Market-Harborough—Mr B. J. Angell's b. g. by Smallhopes, aged, dam by Charley Boy out of Sovereign Lady, 12 st. (Mr E. C. Burton.)	31
1861	Market-Harborough—Mr B. J. Angell's QUEENSFERRY, pedigree unknown, 5 yrs., 12 st. (Mr E. C. Burton.)	17
1862	Rugby—Mr FitzOldaker's br. m. FIDGET by Prizefighter, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr J. Skipworth.)	10
1863	Market-Harborough—Hon. F. (afterwards Lord) Calthorpe's ch. g. SOCKS by Connaught Ranger, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Mr A. Goodman.)	5
1864	Melton—Mr T. Behren's ch. h. GAME CHICKEN, pedigree unknown, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Capt. A. Smith.)	28
1865	Wetherby—Mr H. (now Lord) Chaplin's ch. g. EMPEROR by Orpheus, dam by Record, h. b., aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Mr A. Goodman.)	29
1866	Crewkerne—Mr E. Studd's b. h. SHANGARRY by Confessor, dam by Greatheart, h. b., 5 yrs., 12 st. (Mr A. Goodman.)	17
1867	Bedford—Mr H. (now Lord) Chaplin's b. g. EMPEROR III. by Cock Robin, dam by Record, 6 yrs., 12 st. 6 lb. (Capt. H. Coventry.)	16

1868 Bedford—Mr S. Welfitt's br. g. TATHWELL by Canute out of Imagination by Lanercost, 6 yrs., 12 st. 6 lb. (Mr W. R. Brockton.) 7

1869—Not decided owing to the lamentable York and Ainsty Hunt Accident . . . . .

1870 Cottenham—Mr H. (now Lord) Chaplin's SCHEIDAM b. g. by Amsterdam out of Miss Fowler, 5 yrs., 11 st. 8 lb. (Mr J. M. Richardson.) . . 15

1871 Burton (Lincoln)—Mr J. H. Houldsworth's b. g. DAYBREAK by Zouave out of Twilight, 5 yrs., 11 st. 8 lb. (Capt. A. Smith.) . . . 13

1872 Abergavenny—Mr J. Sankey's ch. g. RED NOB by Nevill, dam unknown, 6 yrs., 12st. 3 lb. (Capt. Holyoake.) 9

1873 Bristol—Mr Robertson's b. m. PICKLES by Caractacus out of Lalage, 6 yrs., 12 st. 10 lb. (Capt. Tempest.) 13

1874 Aylesbury—Mr H. F. C. Vyner's br. h. LUCELLUM by Vertugadin out of Lucy, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Capt. A. Smith.) 12

1875 Sandown Park—Mr Smyth's b. m. GAZELLE by The Drake out of Lady Lawrence, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr Flutter.) 19

1876 Irvine (Scot.)—Mr Ballard's b. g. BURFORD by St Albans out of Lady Dar, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Lord M. Beresford.) 9

1877 Cottenham—Duke of Hamilton's b. h. THE BEAR by Pace or Vancresson out of Berthe, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr E. P. Wilson.) 6

1878 Hereford—Mr Friend's b. g. FILBERT by Nutbourne out of Mademoiselle, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Owner.) 8

1879 Derby—Mr H. F. C. Vyner's ch. h. BELLRINGER by Rataplan out of Bonny Bell, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Mr A. Coventry.) 16

1880 Liverpool—Mr A. Peel's b. g. NEW GLASGOW by New Oswestry out of Corbeille, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Capt. A. Smith.) 3

1881 Four Oaks Park—Mr Talbot's b. g. PRIDE OF PRUSSIA by Crown Prince out of Shipwreck, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr E. P. Wilson.) . . . 8

1882 Derby—Mr W. H. P. Jenkin's ch. f. LLANTARNAM by Black Cat out of Columbine's dam, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr E. P. Wilson.) . . . 6

1883 Melton—Mr E. Tritton's ch. g. SATELLITE by Siderolite, dam by General Sale, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr E. P. Wilson.) . . . 13

1884 Leicester—Mr R. Howett's ch. f. EQUITY by Vanderdecken out of Duchess of Edinburgh, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr E. P. Wilson.) . . . 11

1885 Lincoln—Mr Saurin's ch. m. LADY TEMPEST by Ingomar out of Sheet Lightning, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr W. Beasley.) . . . 7

1886 Malton—Mr D. J. Jardine's b. g. WHY NOT by Castlereagh out of Twitter, 5 yrs., 12 st. 5 lb. (Mr C. J. Cunningham.) . . . 8

1887 Derby—Major Meysey-Thompson's ch. g. MONKSHOOD by Uncas out of Abbess, 6 yrs., 12 st. 10 lb. (Capt. E. R. Owen.) . . . 11

1888 Sandown Park—Mr E. Jay's (Lord Gersey) GLEN THORPE ch. g. by Glendale out of Lady Danthorpe, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Hon. J. Lambton.) . . 11

1889 Cardiff—Mr B. Robson's b. g. NAP by Napsbury out of Lady Linton, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr C. Thompson.) 6

1890 Irvine—Mr T. G. Arthur's b. h. INNISFAIL by Rostrevor out of Mavourneen, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Owner.) 4

1891 Hurst Park—Mr W. Low's ch. g. IMPEYAN by Sterling out of Kathleen, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr Crawley.) 17

1892 Derby—Mr T. Cannon's br. g. ROYAL BUCK by Edward the Confessor out of Antelope, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr Yorke.) 12

1893 Sandown Park—Capt. Crawley's b. g. VAN DER BERG

by Dutch Skater out of Yurata, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Sir C. Slade.) 12

1894 Derby—Sir S. Scott's ch. g. PHILACTERY by Philammon out of Elaine, 6 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Major Ricardo.) 10

1895 Sandown Park—Mr J. Arnold's FIN-MA-COUL II. ch. g. by Ballinafad, dam by Lothario, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr F. B. Atkinson.) . . 15

1896 Hurst Park—Mr C. P. Shrubb's b. g. LUDGERSHALL by Privateer out of Lady Caradoc, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr H. M. Ripley.) 19

1897 Newmarket—Vicomte de Buissere's ch. g. NORD OUEST by Gamin out of La Vague, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (M. Morand.) 12

1898 Gatwick—Mr F. P. Lysaght's b. g. REAL SHAMROCK by Primrose League out of Erin Dear, 4 yrs., 10 st. 10 lb. (Mr E. P. Grundy.) . . . 16

1899 Hurst Park—Mr W. Hall Walker's (now Lord Wavertree.) GLEN ROYAL by Glenvannon out of Royal Naiad, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr J. Fergusson.) 22

1900 Kempton Park—Mr T. Bayden's b. g. Eóos by Stratford out of Dawn, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (M. A. Gordon.) 10

1901 Melton—Mr Barclay Walker's b. g. FRIAR JOHN by Ascetic out of Miss Anne, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr H. Sidney.) 17

1902 Warwick—Mr J. J. Maher's br. g. MARPESSA HARMITON out of Grecian by Xenophon, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Mr H. S. Persse.) 23

1903 Warwick—Mr F. Bibby's b. g. COMFIT by Butterscotch, dam by Clanronald, 5 yrs., 12 st. 1 lb. (Capt. R. H. Collis.) 18

1904 Cheltenham—Mr W. B. Parbridge's bl. g. TIMOTHY TITUS by Timothy out of Precipice, 6 yrs., 12 st. 10 lb. (Mr Ivor Anthony.) . . . 18

1905 Cheltenham—Mr D. Faber's ch. m. MISS CLIFDEN II. by FitzClifden out of King Furze's dam, aged, 10 st. 12 lb. (Mr H. M. Ripley.) . . . 13

1906 Warwick—Mr W. Charter's ch. g. COUNT RUFUS by Wise Count out of Arraby, aged, 12st. 3 lb. (Mr A. Gordon.) 28

1907 Warwick—Mr H. G. Farrant's ch. g. RED HALL by Winkfield, dam by Cairo, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Owner.) 27

1908 Warwick—Capt. J. F. Laycock's ch. g. RORY O'MOORE by Royal Meath out of Vandale, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr P. Whitaker.) 28

1909 Warwick—Mr R. Cartwright's b. g. WYCHWOOD by Sir Modred out of Dixianne, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr P. Roberts.) 26

1910 Warwick—Mr E. P. Steinman's ch. m. NIMBLE KATE by Morion, dam by St Michael, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr P. Roberts.) 20

1911 Cheltenham—Capt. Frank Grissell's br. g. SIR HALBERT by Hackler out of Duchess II., aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr A. Smith.) . . . 38

1912 Cheltenham—Mr E. Platt's THE REJECTED VI. b. g. by Toussant out of Katie Hermit, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr G. E. Cotton.) 31

1913 Cheltenham—Capt. S. Yates' br. g. KRANSFUGL by Missel Thrush, dam by Gulliver out of Birthright, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr R. H. Hall.) . . 30

1914 Cheltenham—Mr H. F. Malcomson's b. g. WAR DUKE by Sterling out of War Bird, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr H. Usher.) 27

1915 Cheltenham—Major J. H. Purvis' gr. g. MARTIAL IV. by Harvest Money out of Majesty, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Owner.) 25

From 1916 to 1919 inclusive no race owing to the Allies war.

1920 Cheltenham—Mr J. Daly's b. g. PRUDHOMME by Pam out of Prudence, 5 yrs., 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr C. Brabazon.) 29

1921 Cheltenham—Mr H. Brown's ch. g. BUGLER by Fugleman out of Marie Louise, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Capt. Bennet.) 22

CHAPTER XIII

THE GRAND MILITARY STEEPLECHASE

STATISTICAL matter at the best of times is rather dull reading, but so much space has been taken up with the Liverpool and the National Hunt Steeplechases that it would be unfair to leave the Grand Military out in the cold. It cannot be denied that from the earliest days of "steeple to steeple" our soldiers have made the sport one of their greatest recreations; indeed we find them so engaged long before the days of the Crimea, as will be seen in the appended list of winners. In this list one looks in vain for the name of a Grand National hero or heroine. Yet we find that the military were early on the war-path at Aintree with winners such as Carlow, Brenda, Boxkeeper and The Roarer. The latter, with Jem Mason up, started favourite in 1847, when Mathew won.

Subsequently to the Crimea, pedigree and class, however, showed a marked improvement in the chase. In 1868, for instance, there was a horse called King Arthur who so readily scored in the Grand Military at Rugby that he had the market

call at Aintree the year Cortolvin won for the late Duke of Hamilton. Singularly enough, King Arthur belonged to Major General Brabazon, at the time of writing the oldest living winning owner of the Grand Military Gold Cup. He is yet proud to tell of the tall pedigree that son of The Cure and Miss Agnes possessed, and very justly so, seeing that Polly Agnes, the dam of Lily Agnes, was King Arthur's own sister, and Lily Agnes' alliance with Bend Or produced the mighty Ormonde.

In chases like the Grand Military one does not expect to find high classed sires among its winners, but in the horses figuring in the list below there is a happy sequence worthy of mention—Lady Sherwell by Oxford in 1875, Standard by Sterling in 1886, and County Council by Isonomy in 1898. Again, if its list of winners never contained a Liverpool hero or heroine, it may be said that either before or subsequent to their victories at Aintree such horses as Cloister, the Soarer and Ambush II. had been defeated in the Military Gold Cup.

Few living can recall two occasions, first at Windsor in 1871, and then at Rugby in 1872, when actually a Grand Prix de Paris winner in Fervacques was in the Military fighting. He, however, was a failure, for at Windsor with Captain Magennis up he jumped right into the middle of the brook, and the

next year did no better in the hands of Captain Wentworth Hope Johnstone at Rugby. Later in the season he gave us a bit of his old form on the flat at Ascot by winning the Visitors' Handicap, although in the Queen Plate he made no fight of it with Corisande and Dutch Skater. But Fervacques was not Captain Hope Johnstone's only Grand Prix association in the chief military steeplechase, for the second of his three wins was landed for the present Viscount Downe on Earl Marshall, who was a son of The Earl who won the Paris Grand Prix in 1868. He, like Fervacques the year previously, was ridden by Fordham, who, the records say, "won by a nose" after a dead-heat with Patricien. Of these two Grand Prix winners, The Earl by Young Melborne, it will be remembered, played no mean part in connection with "the Spider and the Fly" 1868 classic scandal. It may be added that, after winning the Grand Prix, Fervacques some three weeks later came over to England and won the Northumberland Plate, a race in which his sire Underhand had been thrice in succession successful. All the above is here given because some of the modern school are apt to think the horses of the Grand Military were nearly all of the hunter and charger type.

Mention has been made above of Major-General

Brabazon being the oldest winning owner of the Gold Cup with King Arthur, ridden by Col. Knox, who, like Major W. H. Johnstone and Major Hughes Onslow, stand out with three wins each as its record riders. This trio of celebrities is now of the Great Beyond. Colonel Harford, who rode King Arthur when he was favourite for the Grand National, is not the oldest living officer to have a mount in the Gold Cup; that distinction is possessed by Major Tempest. In 1861, when the chase was decided at Cheltenham, Major Tempest had only the Hon. F. G. Ellis on Inniskilling to stop the way. Major Tempest was unlucky with his Grand Military, and more so with his Grand National mounts, but if he missed both these, there was some compensation in his just defeating Mr Arthur Yates on Cardigan in the National Hunt on Pickles at Bristol.

In conclusion it may be added that the late Major Roddy Owen is the only military rider to be credited with a victory in the Liverpool, the National Hunt and Grand Military Gold Cup. That gallant rider was on the back of Father O'Flynn when he won the Liverpool in 1892, the Grand Military fell to his share on St Cross in 1889, and he won the National Hunt of 1887 for Colonel Meysey-Thompson on Monkshood.

Appended is a full list of Gold Cup winners:

		No. of Starters
1841	Northampton—Sir J. G. Baird's (10th Hussars) b. g. CARLOW, aged. (Owner.)	20
1842–1843	No record.	
1844	Wetherby—Capt. France (Carbineers) b. m. BRENDA, aged. (Owner.)	
1845	Brixworth—Capt. Coles' gr. g. BOXKEEPER, aged. (Owner.)	26
1846	Warwick—Capt. Powell's b. m. CINDERELLA. (Owner.)	17
1847	Warwick—Sir E. Poore's THE ROARER, aged. (Owner.)	8
1848	Warwick—Capt. Dyson's (3rd Dragoons) MASTER ROBIN, aged. (Owner.)	11
1849	No record.	
1850	Warwick—Capt. Dyson's HAWKSWORTH. (Owner.) .	9
1851	Warwick—Col. Shirley's b. g. FUGLEMAN, aged. (Mr Fraser.)	15
1852	Warwick—Capt. Tremayne's PALMERSTON, 11 st. 3 lb. (M. Hutchinson.)	12
1853	Warwick—Capt. Thornton's ch. m. MINNA by Napier out of Cauronch dam, 5 yrs. (Mr Berkeley.) .	14
1854	Warwick—Mr P. Cook's TORRENT. (Mr Wilkins.) .	12

From 1855 to 1857 inclusive no race owing to Crimean War.

1858	Brixworth—Vicomte A. Talon's b. g. YOUNG MAGNET by Magnet, aged, 12 st. 5 lb. (Owner.) .	8
1859	Birmingham—Capt. J. Hunt's ch. g. GOLDSMITH by Black Prince, dam by The Saddler. (Owner.) .	9
1860	Northampton—Capt. Anderson's THE HERMIT by late General Havelock by Cowl, aged, 12 st. 5 lb. (Owner.)	9
1861	Cheltenham—Hon. Capt. F. G. Ellis's INNISKILLING by Tupsley, aged, 12 st. (Owner.) . .	12
1862	Warwick—Capt. F. Wombwell's ch. m. FANNY, pedigree unknown, aged, 12 st. 5 lb. (Owner.) .	13
1863	Rugby—Capt. Park Yates' RIFLEMAN by Red Robin, 12 st. 10 lb. (Capt. Riddell.) . .	14

1864 Rugby—Major F. Wombwell's BELL'S LIFE ch. g. by Hurworth, 6 yrs., 12 st. 10 lb. (Capt. A. Smith.). 10

1865 Rugby—Mr Stevenson's GLENCAIRN by Kingfisher, 6 yrs., 12 st. (Owner.) 9

1866 Warwick—Col. Knox's IRONSIDE br. g. by Defiance out of Emulous, 13 st. (Col. Knox.) . . 10

1867 Liverpool—Mr George named TALLY HO b. g. by Come Away, dam by Willingham, aged, 12 st. (Mr Gerard.) 6

1868 Rugby—Capt. (now Major-Gen.) Brabazon's br. g. KING ARTHUR by The Cure out of Miss Agnes, 6 yrs., 13 st. (Col. Knox.) 10

1869 Rugby—Capt. Coleman's JURYMAN bl. g. by The Coroner out of Flower Girl's dam. (Mr Pritchard.) 12

1870 Rugby—Lord Charles Innes-Ker's KNOCKANY br. g., pedigree unknown, 6 yrs., 12 st. (Col. Knox.) . 10

1871 Windsor—Mr R. H. Ray's ch. g. DONATO by Fandango, dam by Young Barefoot out of Lawyer's dam, aged, 12 st. (Mr Pritchard.) . . 10

1872 Rugby—Major Byrne's b. h. CHARLEVILLE by Tonnerre des Indes—Czarina (bred in France), aged, 13 st. (Mr H. Browne.) 8

1873 Rugby—Mr Heron Maxwell's ch. g. REVIRESCAT by Cheerful Horn, dam unknown, aged, 12 st. 10 lb. (Mr W. H. Johnstone.) 16

1874 Rugby—Capt. Ray's br. h. MARIE ANTOINE by Fitz Gladiator out of Christiana by Lanercost, 6 yrs., 12st. (Col. Harford.) 10

1875 Rugby—Col. Byrne's b. m. LADY SHERWELL by Oxford out of Defamation, aged, 12 st. (Mr W. H. Johnstone.) 5

1876 Rugby—Vis. Downe's b. h. EARL MARSHALL by The Earl out of Frangipana, 5 yrs., 12 st. 10 lb. (Mr W. H. Johnstone.) 3

1877 Sandown—Capt. A. Paget's br. h. CHILBLAIN by Jack Frost out of Grand Duchess, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr W. B. Morris.) 10

1878 Sandown—Capt. A. Paget's br. h. CHILBLAIN by Jack Frost out of Grand Duchessa, 13 st. 7 lb. (Mr W. B. Morris.) 7

1879 Sandown—Mr H. Fenning's, b. g. BOYNE WATER by Salon out of Lyra, aged, 13 st. (Mr Hartigan.) . 9

1880 Rugby—Mr H. S. Dalbia's ch. g. CYMRW by Beneveni out of Taffy's dam (bred in France), aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Owner.) 9

1881 Sandown—Mr F. Waldron's b. m. LOBELIA by St Florian out of Sister to Geologus, 6 yrs., 12 st. 3 lb. (Mr Lee Barber.) 8

1882 Sandown—Lord Manners' b. g. LORD CHANCELLOR by The Lawyer out of Fair Play, 6 yrs., 13 st. 7 lb. (Owner.) 8

1883 Sandown—Col. Murray's b. h. BEAUFORT by Lord Ronald out of Breda, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr Lee Barber.) 6

1884 Sandown—Major Tidwell's b. g. LARVA (late Paddy Griffy) by Vulcan out of Marchioness Rose, 5 yrs., 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr J. Burn-Murdoch.) . . 9

1885 Aylesbury—Capt. Childe's b. g. SCORN by Kyrle Daly out of Disdain, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr A. Barton.) 3

1886 Aldershot—Capt. Childe's br. h. STANDARD by Sterling out of Strategy, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Mr T. Hone.) 9

1887 Sandown—Capt. Fisher's b. h. DALESMAN by Beauclerc out of Lady Millicent, 6 yrs., 11 st. (Owner.) 9

1888 Sandown—Mr H. T. Fenwick's b. f. BERTHA by Skylark out of Annabelle, 4 yrs., 11 st. (Mr Hughes Onslow.) 8

1889 Sandown—Mr B. Alexander's b. h. ST CROSS by Quits out of Vera, 6 yrs., 11 st. (Capt. E. R. Owen.) 8

1890 Sandown—Lord Annaly's ch. f. LADY SARAH by Aeronaut out of Lady Harkfield, 4 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb. (Capt. Little.) 11

1891 Sandown—Capt. A. E. Whitaker's b. h. HOLLINGTON by Barcaldine out of Junket, 4 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb. (Capt. C. Lambton.) 11

1892 Sandown—Capt. A. E. Whitaker's ch. g. ORMEROD by Edward the Confessor out of Lady Carew, 4 yrs., 10 st. 7 lb. (Capt. Bewicke.) . . 7

1893 Sandown—Mr H. L. Powell's b. g. MIDSHIPMITE by Torpedo, dam by New Oswestry out of Miss Piggott, aged, 13 st. 7 lb. (Major Burn-Murdoch.) 7

1894 Sandown—Capt. M. Hughes' b. g. ÆSOP by Chippendale out of Fable, aged, 11 st. 12 lb. (Sir C. Slade.) 8

1895 Sandown—Mr Eustace Loder's FIELD-MARSHAL by Border Minstrel out of Rouge Gagne, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Capt. Crawley.) 11

1896 Sandown—Capt. J. Orr-Ewing's b. m. NELLY GRAY by Ben Battle out of Peace, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr D. M. G. Campbell.) 5

1897 Sandown—Col. G. H. Gough's b. m. PARAPLUIE by Juggler out of Parable, 6 yrs., 11 st. 7 lb. (Mr D. M. G. Campbell.) 11

1898 Sandown—Major Fenwick's ch. h. COUNTY COUNCIL by Isonomy out of Lady Peggy, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (Major Hughes Onslow.) 11

1899 Sandown—Capt. Murray Thriepland's b. m. LAMBAY by Royal Meath out of Lambthorpe, 6 yrs., 12 st. (Owner.) . . . . . .

From 1900 to 1902 inclusive no race owing to South African War.

1903 Sandown—Major Eustace Loder's br. g. MARPESSA by Marmiton out of Grecian by Xenophon, 6 yrs., 12 st. 7 lb. (Major Hughes Onslow.) . . 4

1904 Sandown—Mr H. E. Brassey's DUNBOYNE by Quidune out of Connie, 5 yrs., 11 st. (Major Ricards.) 9

1905 Sandown—Rear-Ad. Lambton's ch. h. RUY LOPEZ by Simontault out of Mouche, 5 yrs., 11 st. (Capt. Stackpole.) 8

Mare shown to the Hon. A. Parker at S. Louis, U.S.A.
12½ hands, 13 cwt.

Some Remount Officers, 1916, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Armstrong, A. Parker, Bellany, Scott, Parker, Reid
(Mr. Bellany purchased 96,000 horses)

1906 Sandown—Mr R. F. Eyres' ch. g. ROYAL BLAZE by Royal Exchange out of Searchlight, 6 yrs., 12 st. (Capt. L. S. Denny.) 13

1907 Sandown—Mr C. Bewicke's b. or. br. g. OLD FAIRY HOUSE by Hackler out of Circe, 5 yrs., 12 st. (Owner.) 9

1908 Sandown—Capt. G. Paynter's b. g. MOUNT PROSPECT'S FORTUNE by St Gris out of Lady Childers, 6 yrs., 13 st. (Owner.) 10

1909 Sandown—Mr E. Christie-Miller's b. g. SPRINKLE ME by Rapallo, dam by Hackler, aged, 12 st. 3 lb. (Capt. C. W. Banbury.) 7

1910 Sandown—Capt. E. Christie-Miller's b. g. SPRINKLE ME by Rapallo, dam by Hackler, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Capt. C. W. Banbury.) 7

1911 Sandown—Mr Dermot M'Calmont's VINEGAR HILL b. or br. h. by St Aidan out of Phœnix Park, 6 yrs., 11 st. (Owner.) 7

1912 Sandown—Hon. E. H. Wyndham's br. g. ANOTHER DELIGHT by General Symons out of Annie's Delight, aged, 12 st. 7 lb. (Owner.) . . . 8

1913 Sandown—Hon. E. H. Wyndham's br. g. ANOTHER DELIGHT by General Symons out of Annie's Delight, aged, 13 st. (Owner.) 10

1914 Sandown—Capt. G. Paynter's bl. g. JACK SYMONS by General Symons, dam by Culloden II., aged, 13 st. (Owner.) 14

From 1915 to 1919 no race owing to the Allies war.

1920 Sandown—Rear-Admiral Hon. Lambton-Meux's gr. h. WHITE SURREY by Nabob out of Dejeuner, aged, 12 st. (Major Walwyn.) . . . 9

1921 Sandown—Mr W. Filmer's ch. m. PAY ONLY by Walmsgate-Teddie III., aged, 11 st. 10 lb. (Owner.) 12